

EXPERIENCES

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Transcribed Oral Interviews with
Samuel Reed Andrus and
Melba Phyllis Brown, Husband and Wife

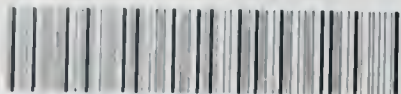
Recorded Between 1973-1982

by

Alyn B. Andrus

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REED
1904 - 1976



MELBA
1906 - 1985

INTRODUCTION

The following material was transcribed from taped interviews with Samuel Reed Andrus and Melba Phyllis Brown, husband and wife. Reed was interviewed four times between winter and autumn of 1973. Melba was interviewed twice during the spring of 1982. All interviews were conducted in their home (Ucon, Idaho) by their son, Alyn.

Reed Andrus was born March 8, 1904. He was raised on a farm in Ucon, Idaho. He served a proselyting mission in the Netherlands for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He married Melba Phyllis Brown of Parker, Idaho on May 29, 1929 in the Salt Lake Temple. They raised nine children.

Reed was active in Idaho politics for twenty-four years. He served four terms in the Idaho House of Representatives, one term in the Idaho Senate, one term as Bonneville County Commissioner, one term as Bonneville County Weed Supervisor, and ten years as Idaho State Land Agent. He passed away July 16, 1976 from heart failure.

Melba Brown was born January 4, 1906. She spent her childhood on a sheep ranch in Parker, Idaho. She attended Ricks Academy and was hired as a school teacher first in Egin and then in Ucon, Idaho. While in Ucon, she met and married Reed Andrus.

Melba was active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She taught in the Primary and Relief Society, and served as Primary and Relief Society President. She was also active in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. During her younger years, she possessed a beautiful singing voice and sang in both church meetings and at civic gatherings. She passed away May 9, 1985 from heart failure.

These interviews give not only experiences from Reed's and Melba's point-of-view, but reveal interesting and, hopefully, useful information to the reader about the period of time in which they lived.

Alyn B. Andrus
Rexburg, Idaho
December 16, 1992



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HAYING AND THRESHING WHEN DAD WAS A BOY

I have recorded an interview with my father in which he talks about haying while he was a boy. A little later he will talk about threshing. Now, Dad, you'd cut the hay with horses and a mowing machine, one team and one mowing machine?

No, you would have two or three. One outfit was kept going nearly all the time, and then it was helped by others.

Who would usually do the mowing?

Well, various ones of us. I did a lot of mowing. I think I did more raking than mowing when I was real young. It depended on your age. Generally, when you were real young, they would let you rake a bunch. Then as you got a little older, you took over the mowing machine.

How did you feel about raking hay? Did you want to do that?

Boy, I liked to rake.

What I want to know is how you regarded the various haying operations. What did you like to do the most?

Let me go back to when I was youngest. As I remember it, before we bought the 160 acres on which Howard and Tom now live, we rented 160 acres east of here about a mile and half to the field, and then another half a mile in the field.

That's up there where Aaron Robinson lives.

That's right. We used to take our dinner up there and park by an irrigation ditch. Mother tried to make her dinner and pack it away so it would be warm when the noon hour came.

What would you take in your dinner?

Oh, potatoes and gravy, beans, corn, bread and butter.

A regular cooked dinner.

Peaches, pears, fresh fruit that had been bottled, and of course, at dinner time was always our most desirable time, because when you are away from home like that, you get pretty hungry. There was lots of skunks in the hayfield. It was quite common to run into them or cut them with the mowing machine. I was quite

young at that time, because that was before the 160 acres had been acquired that we now own. We were raking with a dump rake. One horse, and everything was done with your feet. You would push your foot down on one lever, and that would hold the rake solid so it would gather the hay. The rake stretched over two mower swaths. When you gathered all that you thought the rake could handle, then you would step on another level that would dump it. I got to where I could put the horse on a trot. I remember one time when they were after my dad to run for county commissioner, and the editor of the Times Register, which later merged with the Daily Post and became the Post Register, the editor of the Times Register came up in the field to try and encourage my dad to run. Then he wrote an article and put it in the paper, campaigning, you might call it, for my dad through his paper. He said the morning was going at full capacity, and the little fellow on the rake had his horse on the trot. You've never seen such activity in all your life. That was almost typical of every day up there. We spent nearly all summer in that area. We would no sooner finish the first crop and the second crop would be ready. We used to stack the hay in bulk in joints. Each joint would probably be thirty feet wide by thirty-forty feet long. We would take that hay just as high as a derrick would go, which would probably be about twenty-five feet in the air. I can't remember the overpass of those stacks now, but at that time, it would have been a simple manner to tell you the exact size of the stack. In one field, we would sometimes have seven or eight joints of hay, then move over to another part of the field and stack another seven or eight joints of hay.

What would you do, move the derrick from one place to another? Wasn't that quite an operation?

It was an operation to move the derrick, but in the long run, it paid off, because we only moved the derrick once, where otherwise we would have been hauling every load of hay across the field. So it paid off. Now when we bought our own 160 acres, I was older, and I did most of the mowing. I did all of the jackson fork work. We had the young kids on the load tromping the hay. We had two men in the field pitching the hay. I stayed right at the stack unloading that. My dad generally stacked the hay. I got to where I liked or disliked the men in the field who did the pitching, because the type of pitching determined how easy that load was going to take off. Sometimes, if not properly pitched on, it pulled out of the fork and dropped on the ground, and when that happened, the leaves would fall off and you'd have nothing but stalks to send upon the stack which was difficult, which would take two or three forks of stacking the hay, whereas you could take a lot of it, if it came out of the field not pulled apart.

When we bought our own field, we used to come home for dinner. That was an operation, because we had to unhitch the horses, grain them, feed them, water them, before you could go in and get your own dinner, and that was always a

terrible chore for a kid who was hungry. We generally tried to hit the hay field just as early in the morning as we could, and we very seldom ever quit until it got late at night. The only thing or reason we quit before dark was because the

chores had to be done at home, such as milking cows, feeding pigs, and other domestic chores.

So, after a hard days work in the hayfield, how did you take your bath? Did you go for a swim or were you too tired to take a bath, or what?

We only had a little wash tub then to bath in. There were no inside bathrooms. Generally, the tub did the family washing it was in the kitchen and filled partially with water from the small reservoir on the kitchen range mixed with cold water. If you were any size at all, there was hardly any room for your feet and legs. A bath was also something to me to be avoided and hated rather than enjoyed. Generally, we always aimed to hit the canal and take a swim at the end of the day. That was probably the best part of the day.

How often would you have to sharpen your hay knives?

That depended on the type of hay you were cutting. If it were straight alfalfa, you could cut for quite a long time. You could cut a good half a day in straight alfalfa, if it were thick, sometimes more than that. Ordinarily, if the alfalfa were not thick, then it was mixed with grasses that made it extremely difficult. In that case, you would have to change knives two or three times a day. In thick alfalfa where the grass couldn't grow very well because of the thickness of the hay, it was not necessary to change knives frequently. There was good hay growing in the country then, better than now, really. However, there was lots of wild stuff mixed in with it, the yarrow, Timothy, June Grass, and what have you, and when you ran into hay with much June Grass, you ran into problems. We generally hauled hay, never less than two wagons, and sometimes three and four, depending on the distance.

Did you use a derrick horse or a team of horses?

We would use a derrick horse, and I think I'll never get over being ashamed of myself the way I had to holler at that poor little girl out there leading that derrick horse. As they would fork upon the stack, the horse was generally pretty good, but once in a while he might go too far before the derrick girl could stop him. And when it came to backing up, unless there was an adult out there holding the reigns, sometimes it was most difficult for those little girls who frequently led our derrick horse, to back that horse up. It seemed to me it took forever and a day to get that fork back off the wagon so I could load it.

So who usually led your derrick horse?

Oh, my sisters younger than myself. Aunt Inez, Sarah, Rula. Beulah didn't so much because of her one leg being crippled.

Did you ever have any runaways?

Yes, I've seen runaways in the field. The hay was tipped over, the rack tipped off the wagon. It was a wonder someone didn't get hurt, but I can't remember any occasion when anyone was hurt. We sometimes had loads of hay tip over on their way in. That was the fault of those who did the pitching in the field. One man might have the tendency to keep his side well out on the rack where the other one would push his in. If you ever got two pitchers working like that, you were in trouble.

After the hay was in and when winter set in and then you needed the hay, would you feed this hay to the sheep and take the sheep up there in the field where the hay was, or would you put it on the wagons and bring it down?

Sometimes the hay would be fed in the field where the hay was. Sometimes the hay would be sleighed down to where we wanted to feed it. There were quite a few beets in the country then, and to raise beets, it took lots of manure and they didn't have commercial fertilizer, and so many times the hay would be sleighed into the beet ground where it might be a quarter to a mile and a half from the stack.

You were talking about this 160 acres you rented, did you say it was a couple of miles east of your house?

The far end of it would have been two miles, yes.

Okay, when the time came for you to haul that hay and stack it, would all of you take your dinner with you and eat it up there, or would you quit and drive down and eat your dinner and drive back up there?

We would take our dinner as a group. We laid a tablecloth out on the grass, and passed the plates around. We had porcelain plates that weren't breakable, and porcelain cups. We drank right out of the ditch, so it wasn't a problem carrying water. I'd hate to think I had to do that now. I'd have been long since buried with typhoid fever, but then it seemed alright because then it seems the water wasn't polluted then like it is now, or we weren't aware of it.

How much did you sell your hay for, if you sold any? How much did you have to pay for it if you had to buy it?

That depended. There were lots of sheep in the country. Even though there wasn't a lot of hay that was shipped out, except in bad winters elsewhere, generally, the hay was fed locally, and there were sufficient sheep to demand a fair price for the hay. Following World War I, I remember hay got up to \$40 a ton. Of course, sheep men couldn't afford to feed the sheep that kind of hay, and some of them were shipped to Omaha and Chicago. That's when sheep dropped from around \$18 a head to, on the Omaha market, even less than \$3. That's when a number of sheep men went broke. On the average, hay unloaded at a fair price, according to the times when we were then living.

What would that be? \$20 a ton?

No, I would say the average would run from \$8 to \$15.

How many sheep did Grandpa have, usually?

For a while we had two herds. Two herds of sheep would probably average around 2,400 head. A herd was considered somewhere between 1,000-1,400 head.

Okay, now, who used to pitch the hay, usually?

Well, my brother Howard, and he was always noted for placing his hay well out on the rack. You could put on a bigger load that way. Then my dad hired Joseph Starky, a man about the same age as my dad to pitch with Howard, and he was just the opposite. He would push the hay well in, and so I was in trouble about half the time come unloading.

Okay, Uncle Howard pitched along with Joe Starky. You said some of the young kids were up tromping the load. Was Uncle Tom?

When they got big enough, they would just tromp down the load. They generally had a pitchfork to place the hay. The pitchers were supposed to place it and the kids were to just tromp it.

Okay, you operated the fork, and granddad stacked the hay. Now where was Uncle Grant?

Grant was bothered a lot with asthma and hay dust. It gave him a lot of trouble. He was generally out mowing during the hay hauling season. Or doing other work, such as cultivating, whatever had to be done. I haven't said anything about bunching hay. Besides mowing and raking hay, it was necessary to bunch hay before it could be pitched on. The rake would drop hay about anywhere from ten to twenty feet apart, depending on the thickness of the hay. Then we found it

very convenient to bunch hay in the morning when the dew was on it. It handled so much nicer. You could take a pitch fork and take one mower swath in the bunch and turn it over onto the second mower swath that was gathered with the same rake at the same time.

So the rake would span two mower swaths?

That's right. That bunching hay, could run into skill. If you bunched hay when it wasn't too dry, it would pick very well off the ground. You just put your fork into a bunch, and nearly all of it would come up and there wasn't much clean up after for the pitcher. If the hay was bunched when it was dry, then the pitcher would have a lot of clean up and it didn't pitch very good. As a result, there was lots of waste.

You used hired wagons?

Yes, exclusively, nothing else. That was another job, riding those old iron tired wagons over a rocky street up to the farm. By the time you got there, you almost felt like you had Saint Vitus Dance.

When did you start mowing hay in the summer? About when?

First crop? Well, it was a good deal then like it is now. It depended a lot upon the season. We always figured on starting sometime in mid-June.

From this point to the end of the tape, dad will talk about threshing.

What was it like to thresh when you were a kid. When I say thresh, how did you harvest your grain?

Well, I'll go back to the earliest time of my life when I remember threshing days. All threshing at that time was done by privately owned steam engines and threshers that required a large crew of men. My Uncle Heber engineered one of these steam engines that was bought as a partnership by him, my father, Abe Simmons, and Joe Starky. I became quite familiar with the threshing operations when I was just a kid, before my teens.

When you say engineer, you mean he operated it?

Yes. The grain at that time, we only had two or three species, and they produced a lot of straw. The grain straw grew long. The grain didn't set on the head as thick or as in nice of kernels as we have developed since. At that time, a 50 bushel crop to the acre was an excellent crop. The average grain harvested would

be 30-40 bushels. There are many contributing factors for that figure which I will explain. The long straw and the process that grain had to go through before it was finally separated from the chaff and put into sacks, was quite an arduous deal. At first it had to be cut with an old binder, and that binder would run it up on canvases and into a knotter. This knotter tied it in bundles with a string, and those bundles would probably weigh, they could adjust the size of them, but they could weigh anywhere from 20 to 75 pounds. The average bundle would probably weigh 50 pounds. Because of the fact that straw would vary in length, of course your bundles would vary in length. After the cutter had gone through and cut it and laid these bundles on the ground, you could imagine that each bundle would drop onto a little carrier rack, and from the carrier rack onto the ground, you are going to lose so much wheat from each operation. You lose so much wheat on the canvas that elevated the grain prior to the tying of it in bundles. After it had laid on the ground in bundles, we would have to go through and shock that. What I mean by shocking, we would set those bundles with the butt end down and the heads up in groups, of maybe five to a dozen bundles in a group. This was done because those shocks of bundles would sometimes be out in the field for weeks. It might be cut in August, late August, and not threshed until November. If it went too late, then the bundles were hauled from these shocks into stacks, and stacked. If the snow came early, then the thrasher would go into the stacks with maybe four or five stacks to a whole field of grain, which would be thrashed in November and December after the snow had come.

Well, you can see through all this handling, that a certain amount of kernels were going to be wasted and lost. Even though we didn't produce as heavy then as we do now, what we did produce there was much more waste to it. Now when you put a combine in the field, it elevates it directly into an elevator without a loss of a kernel into a truck and then into the bin. There is no need for the loss of a kernel in our type of operation today.

Now, the method of threshing was this way. Neighbors would group themselves together, and generally they had to have at least four men in the field who would pitch the bundles onto the wagons from the shocks of bundles as they were left in the field. Then there had to be at least six wagons, sometimes more, but to keep a nice crew going, six wagons hauling the bundles from the field to the machine which required six men there. Then at the machine, there were always at least two wagons and two to four, depending on the distance it had to be hauled, hauling the thrashed grain from the machine to the granary or to the mill. Then there was the machine man, the man who ran the steam engine, and the man who operated the thrasher that separated the straw, the chaff, and the wheat. Then what we call the water monkey, the man who would go to the ditches and pump his tank full of water, and then keep the engine in water which produced the steam to drive the thrasher. There was none of these that could be eliminated

properly without lessening the efficiency of the crew. Well, it was the custom then for the one who was being threshed to feed this crew. So the women would double their work, and their efforts. Two or three women would group together and cook the meals for the crew as long as they were threshing on some particular place. This didn't involve just dinner, this involved breakfast, dinner, and supper.

So what time did they go to work?

They always started early. They tried to have their chores all done, their horses fed and watered, and hitched to their wagons and ready to enter the field by 8:00 at least. By 8:00, they figured the dew was sufficient in the shocked grain that after the handling of it and the first wagons got up to the machine, there were some wagons left loaded the night before that wouldn't be affected by the dew. Eight seemed to be a reasonable hour. Frequently, they worked until dark. Chores would come after that hour. Many times supper was served after dark, people returned home after dark, and all the private chores had to be done after that time. It was a very common scene to see rings of smoke rising in the air in dozens of spots over the valley as far as we could see which represented other steam outfits busy threshing grain. We could tell where the other outfits were just from the smoke rising from the steam engines.

Dad, let me ask you a question. You said there was a water monkey who got the water from the canal to keep the steam engines going. How did he fill his water wagon. You didn't have pumps.

A hand pump. An old hand pump. He would stand on top of the water wagon, one hose went into the ditch. The other hose went into the tank on his water wagon, and that tank would hold probably 200-300 gallons of water. And you would see him running that pump handle which was as tall as he was back and forth, back and forth, sometimes take an hour to two hours to fill that tank. The engineer always filled his reserve tanks on the engine before the water monkey left to get more water. It was all so timed that the reserve tanks of the steam engine would properly take care of it until the water monkey could return with his water tank full to reimburse the reserve tanks of the steam engine. Do you understand that?

Wouldn't that be a hard job to pump all that water from the canal?

The only nice thing about the water monkey job was that you were out of the chaff and if he worked fast, he could work himself into a rest. If he worked slow, he would be working all of the time. It was also his job to . . . in between time or during noon hour, or sometime, to go and get coal. He had to keep the coal bins going on the steam engines. Generally, however, one trip for coal could take care of the thing for a couple of days.

So, where would you put your coal?

The steam engine was provided with coal bins. The coal bins would hold sufficient coal on the steam engine, oh maybe a day to a day and half. He always had the coal wagon. If he couldn't get all of the coal into the bins so the wagon was left there until it was empty.

Would he have to shovel the coal in the fire box?

The engineer always shoveled the coal into the firebox. The engineer's job was to simply run that engine, and in so doing, he would siphon the water from the reserve tanks into his steam engine proper and he would also shovel the coal from the coal bins into the fire box. There was quite a skill when doing that. We had engineers who tried their best to run those engines and failed. You had to know how to bank them. You had to know how to take care of clinkers. You had to be able to bring that water to a boiling point fast and keep it there under a constant load. So, it was quite a skill attached to the manner of engineering your steam engine.

While all this involved hard manual labor, there was a lot of real pleasure. During a breakdown, the neighbors in the field had a chance to visit with one another. However, they didn't try to create a breakdown because they knew they had to keep moving to get that grain off fast before Christmas time. Many of them would haul into the stacks and the stacks would be threshed after the snow had fallen. I remember one time during the threshing days, we learned to appreciate certain women who could fix a better salad, better cake, better pie. Some would be better skilled in one field and some in another. We also learned to know who we thought was a good cook and one that wasn't quite so good, we had our preferences. Of course, we didn't talk about that, only at home. We really got to know people. It was there I learned to appreciate some men who didn't appear to be reputable as far as leadership in the community was concerned. Their demonstration around the threshing machine, though, was shown to be real down-to-earth, good workers, and good men, and people who would give their lives to help somebody was clearly demonstrated.

I want to ask you now, as a kid, what would you do around the threshing field.

As a young boy too young to run a bundle wagon or to pitch bundles in the field, or things like that, I was never so young that I wasn't allowed to shock grain, that is, put the bundles in piles so they could be picked up by the pitchers and wagons. That was a real job for a young fellow. Frequently, we were out shocking grain, even ahead of the threshing machine, trying to clear a field in a given time. There was always something for kids to do, almost irrespective of their age.

After you started to grow up, you got a little bigger so you could handle some of the other jobs. What job would you have rather done?

I preferred of course, pitching in the field, but that was left entirely for the more mature men. The next job they generally graduated a kid to was running a bundle wagon. Actually, running a bundle wagon was to me harder work than pitching in the field.

(At this point, dad was called to the telephone and mother continued the interview.)

The Rudd family at home had a threshing machine, and Erastus Rudd was the engineer on the threshing machine. That crew, the one who came and got the machine all steamed up and ready to go, were the ones who came to your house for breakfast at 5:00 a.m. in the morning. That was the only time when I can remember at home of smelling coffee brewing on the stove for the men's breakfast. We fixed coffee here and the men drank it. Those were really wonderful days. All those men would come and eat breakfast, dinner, and supper.

I remember when we used to thresh down here in the bottom of the lot, Oliver Robinson would use his gas tractor and threshing machine.

I remember those meals. We had dinner and supper, apple dumplings, corn, tomatoes out of the garden. I remember those. I sure liked apple dumplings. I used to be anxious for the threshers to come when I could have apple dumplings.

(Mother speaking) -- Well, the women used to take a couple or three days preparing for the event, making pies and Blancmange Pudding. We never have Blancmange Pudding anymore. Blancmange Pudding is made with scalded milk and put sugar in it, corn starch to thicken it, and vanilla. You'd let it cool and then eat it with whipped cream or thick cream over it.

(Dad now returns to the interview.)

I wanted to ask you dad you used to tell me an experience you had up here on George Cramer's place where you got caught on the sweep. What can you tell us about that?

Well, when I was in my teens, I was running a bundle wagon. During the noon hour after dinner when the men would lay around under the shade of the trees for maybe 20 minutes before going to work, the kids had to be doing something. We were over threshing at Alf and George Cramer's one time. And they had a well midway between the houses from which they both drew. It was an open well

about two and a half feet square box that was faced from the surface of the ground clear down to the water. Down this box they'd send a bucket on a cable or a rope. The rope was attached to one end that would go down the well. The other end went up and around a sweep, a big wheel-type thing that was powered by a horse on the end of a tongue. A horse would go around in a circle perhaps with a radius of 20-30 feet. In going around, it would wind this wheel shaped outfit that would gather in the rope or the cable, and draw the bucket to the top. Well, we got some fancy ideas that by sending that bucket, it was a big bucket, comparable to a 30-gallon drum, we got the foxy idea of sending that down full so as to make the tongue from which the horse pulled go fast and then riding it. It had been used for that purpose by kids before by sending the drum down empty. Sending the drum down empty, the weight of the child would offset the barrel, and it wasn't dangerous. But by sending the barrel down full, the weight of an adult couldn't near offset the weight of that drum full of water, and naturally, anything could be expected. Well, I was delegated to ride it down with a full barrel of water, and of course, I was quite elated to be picked out to be the hero.

And that feeling prevailed until 30 seconds after the barrel was turned loose. I was laid flat on the ground under this tongue whirling over my head at several miles per hour, I guess missing my head by inches. Perhaps if I hadn't been knocked out, I would have been killed trying to raise up. But having been knocked out, I was just inches below the tongue sufficient to save my life. However, when they picked me up, there were only two posts planted about 30 feet apart to support the wheel-like thing that turned the cable. Even though they were planted 30 feet apart, I had to hit one of those with my back, which paralyzed me for a number of days. In fact, they didn't know at the time if I would be paralyzed for life. I couldn't move, and only by the efforts of my mother and being massaged and my limbs being worked that I regained the proper functions of my limbs. I remember this made my dad pretty aggravated. He was about to kick my pants until he could see that maybe that would make things worse. So I was spared that agony. Any way it was one of those experiences that I learned never to attempt a good ride on what we call a sweep with a full barrel of water going down the well, a well that is almost 200-feet deep.

Did you have any trouble with your back after that?

I had some trouble for a while with my back, but surprisingly enough, I was young enough that it left me, all hurts left, and inside of a few weeks, I was going again.

This is the end of this side of the tape. On the other side of the tape, I have interviewed my father in which he describes experiences which he has had that have been almost miraculous in that he has escaped without any permanent injuries, and at times these experiences were such that he narrowly escaped death.

NARROW ESCAPES AND NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES INVOLVING DAD

Record some of your experiences that you had where you've come very close being injured, or maybe even when you've come close to dying, such as those you may have had in a truck, on the farm, or on a horse. Why don't you go ahead now and talk to us.

When I was about eight years of age, my father's home and my Uncle Heber's home were located probably a quarter of a mile apart. My father's boys and Uncle Heber's boys played together a lot, and worked together, and in fact, my father and Uncle Heber were partners both in farming operations and also in a sheep operation. At the time this incident occurred, I was over to my Uncle Heb's place and they had a lot of turkeys, always had turkeys around. Amongst those turkeys was a big turkey gobbler. He was a tremendous thing in size and he had become extremely mean. He attacked people. Unless people were big enough to defend themselves, he was sufficiently big in size to become extremely dangerous. He caught me in the yard one day and took me down and was in the process of pecking my face. It couldn't have gone but a few moments until he would have perhaps pecked my eyes out when the boys older than myself by several years, saw what was happening and came to the rescue. That is probably one of the first incidents that could have been extremely serious, had it not been for the presence of the older boys being near.

When I was about ten years of age, we were over in the same yard, and we were trying to corral some horses amongst which were some young colts. These colts were unbroken, and they were somewhat on the wild side. We boys formed a circle trying to get the horses and colts into the corral, and one of them broke, and since I was the smallest one in the circle, he jumped over me, his hoofs missing my head by just inches. At the rate of speed he was travelling, he would have killed me had he hit me. I tell this because at that time, a doctor was not easily available. They were experiences that could have been extremely serious.

I recall also when I was about twelve years of age, that Ray and Roland, who were cousins of mine, and myself, were raling the sagebrush, or chopping and gathering the sagebrush, with an old wagon with a team in what we call the south field, that would be south of my father's old home. We had gotten my wagon box filled and got onto the road, and thought we'd have a little fun on the way home. So we started playing tag. In our day we would climb on the back of the wagon and up over the sagebrush, and over the seat, and down onto the tongue, and sometimes jump over the horses. The horses were just going on a steady walk for home. Well, in the excitement, I went to jump on one of the horses and missed the reigns with my hands and went right straight over and hit the ground with my head. I was out cold and the next thing I know, Ray and Roland were bathing my

head with cold water by the ditch that runs down south of the present Davenport residence, and they were afraid to take me home. When I finally came to, and I had sufficiently recovered, that they dared go on home. My shoulders were so sore and my head was in such a condition that I couldn't think clearly, and they were more than glad to unload that load while I just sat down. I don't remember how things followed that day, but it was a very unpleasant day for me because none of us dared say anything to the folks about what had taken place.

When I was about fourteen years of age, we had topped beets, the boys and I, for a Japanese friend, and had got into the month of November and we wanted to collect our money before Thanksgiving time. So Ray and I got on a couple of horses and rode up to the Japanese place, collected our checks, and were on our way home. The streets were icy, but we had been used to riding horses, and horses had always been pretty good; but this time we failed to consider the fact that they were not freshly shod and they slipped easily on the ice. But we got onto a gallop and were just turning the corner from Broadway Ucon running south to my father's old home when the horse that I was on slipped and fell and I was pitched over his head striking the ice on my shoulders and head, and I was out for two or three hours. In fact, when I woke up, Ray had been to the house and gotten help and they had picked me up and taken me home and I was on the bed being nursed back to conscienceness two or three hours from the time the accident occurred. I guess I must have one of those thick skulls; otherwise, I don't know how I could have taken all those bumps and still come out of it. Either that, or perhaps I am suffering today from what a lot of people think I am, I don't have any brains.

At about the age of thirteen, and I'll never know what happened, but a paralysis struck me during the winter months to where I couldn't turn over in bed. I laid for weeks, my mother having to turn me in the bed and feed me. And since doctors were almost unavailable at that time, it was just the matter of home nursing.

Dad, you couldn't get up or walk, or sit up, or do anything?

No, no, I couldn't sit up, I couldn't walk. I was paralyzed. I don't remember how much I could use my arms, but I was being fed by my folks. But apparently, whatever it was, after two or three weeks, it left.

Did you have a sickness before the paralysis came on?

No, but we were at that time going through some severe winter weather where the temperature got down to around forty below. Whether or not I had been over exposed to the weather, and something like that took place, I'll never know.

When did you fall off the horse and strike your head? Was that before or after this.

That was before. That was when I was about twelve years of age.

Then when you were coming back from the Japanese place, where you'd gone to collect your paycheck.

That was when I was about thirteen years of age.

And this is when you were about thirteen?

This is when I was about thirteen.

So that had happened sometime before this incident? I was just wondering if there might be any connection between the accident and the paralysis.

It's possible, but I don't know. It's possible there could be. When I was about eighteen years of age, we used to cut lots of hay with the old horse drawn mowing machine which was slow and rather difficult, especially if there was much June grass or anything like that mixed in the hay. It was necessary to keep the knives sharp. We didn't have any sort of a stone, and the only stone near our place was owned by the Phillips brothers, Ed, Milt, and Jack Phillips. So I got in an old Ford pickup and put my knives in the back to go down and use their old stone. The stone was driven a good deal like you are riding a bicycle. You would get on the seat and pedal the stone. The stone was probably two feet in diameter. Of course, it wouldn't go any faster than you could pedal, and so if you got the knives ground very fast, you have to be a fast pedaler and endure to the end. I had left my father's place and was going east toward the old Bishop Simmon's home, which is now burned down, but the present location where Jay McFate now lives. There was sand in the road there, and I was hitting off at a pretty good rate. I hit that sand in the Ford pickup, swung completely around to where it was facing west instead of east, and in turning around, it tipped over on me and I was sort of holding it up with my feet until someone saw the situation and came and tipped it back. There was no cab, it was an open seat. Fortunately, the knives didn't cut me anywhere, but with a number of knives in the back, it could have well been possible that my head could have been severed.

When I was about twenty years of age, I had come home from Ricks College about the 25th of March. It was always my job to herd sheep that weren't in the main herd and ewe lambs, for instance, the lambs that were old enough to be turned out of the corrals, and my job was to take them out in the sagebrush north of the town of Ucon and watch them all day in the spring of the year. The 25th of March was

quite early, and the weather was always cold. There was no shelter. I was herding sheep entirely on a horse with saddle, and at times I would get extremely cold. So to get warm, it was customary to take a blanket on the back of my saddle and locate the blanket on the ground down in the big brush out of the wind and cold. About the 18th of April of this particular year (1925), I was due to leave home for the Netherlands on an LDS mission. About the 14th or 15th of April before the date of departure, and by the way, my steamship ticket and everything had been arranged for, I came down with a violent fever. My mother pursued the regular course of whipping a fever by giving mustard baths and putting on mustard plasters, hot baths, and trying to sweat the fever out, but to no avail. After three or four days, the fever kept rising, and as she became alarmed because she had been very successful as a self-made practical nurse. With the fever rising continually, and she not being able to do anything about it, she felt that a doctor should be employed, and Dr. Palmer who was a distant relative of ours practicing in Rigby, Idaho, at the time, was called. When they explained the condition to him, he came right over. He spent the biggest part of the day there and finally determined that the fever must be Rocky Mountain or Spotted Fever. He was trying to determine if it was Rocky Mountain or Spotted Fever.

What's the difference? Can you remember?

Spotted fever is created by tick bite. Rocky Mountain Fever could be contacted through certain water that is drunk. But he found the tick bite, and found the tick imbedded, which was so badly imbedded, that we failed to see it in looking for anything like that. He told mother, "This fever will continue now for six to eight days, and if it doesn't get too high before it runs its course before his brain is affected, maybe we can whip it." At that time, the statistics in the United States Government show that 89 percent of the Spotted Fever cases in the United States were victims of the disease, which left only about eleven percent, as I remember, that had a chance to live. I read recently about this disease, and up until the time they got a toxin or shot which would counter it, that percentage still persisted. Apparently, it is a disease that doctors have very little control over. My fever got as high as 106 and 107, and stayed there. People had long since given me up as never going to be over it, and if it did, my brain would be burned out. Maybe it was. Some people would like to think so. My mother never gave up hope, and Dr. Palmer was a doctor who never had to be asked to come by. He made daily trips over to my folks' from Rigby, and in those days, traveling conditions were not the best. He never failed to come so long as there was hope existing. I remember my Uncle Horace who was working for a seed pea outfit, he used to call every morning because of the nature of the disease and the seriousness of it. On the eighth day, after about seven days, the fever broke. Since I wasn't dead yet, it looked like a chance of my coming out of it. During this time, I had gone without food. People at that time felt that to feed anyone with a fever was feeding the fever, so it was

felt best to let people go without food, except for a little nourishment like a light soup or a broth, or something of that nature. So I had lost several pounds. In fact, I had become almost skin and bones. Following the breaking of the fever, I did recover. However, I was never permitted to do any work until the fall of the year. I went to bed about the 16th of April. I got out of bed the first time along the fore part of June. I was never permitted to work through the summer, and in the fall of the year before finally leaving for the mission which was previously scheduled to take place the 16th or 18th of April.

My heart beat raised from a low even under 40 to a high of better than 120 as I remember now. The least exertion would bring that heart beat up to where it was going to pound right through my chest. When that exertion was over and I was laid down, my heart would gradually go down to where I wondered if it was going to beat again. This condition prevailed all through the summer. When Dr. H. Ray Hatch examined me for my mission, he told me, "Reed, I shouldn't pass you." I told him, "Dr. if you will pass me, I'll be all right." He said, "I'll tell you, I'll pass you with the notation that if they see fit in Salt Lake City to reject, that I am aware of the circumstances" (which he did). In Salt Lake City, they insisted on removing my tonsils and adenoids which had become badly infected during the disease and extracting certain teeth that they felt had contributed also. From the time I left Salt Lake City until the time I arrived in Holland, I had lost another seventeen pounds. In fact, one missionary said to me after we became better acquainted, he wondered what kind of thing from the sticks they were going to drag in next as a missionary.

Six months later in the city of Rotterdam, Dr. H. Ray Hatch and his wife, who were taking an extensive trip through Europe to Germany, stopped in Holland for a visit. They had the mission president call me as I was then laboring in the extreme northern end of the Dutch mission in a place called Groningen. With permission of the mission president, I boarded the train for Rotterdam because Dr. Hatch had been my doctor during some of my sickness prior to departure from home. He re-examined me in Holland and pronounced my heart which had been a rather controversial subject as to whether or not I should be permitted to go on a mission. He pronounced my heart to be in perfect order. Notwithstanding the change in food and climate and environment I give credit to this largely to the type of work I was doing and to whom I was employed and all things like that generally (working for God).

All right, dad, you've had some interesting experiences driving a truck. Why don't you tell us about those experiences now.

When I returned home from my mission in 1928, I was married in 1929, and following the marriage, I encouraged my father to buy a truck. So we purchased

an old six-speed International bobtail truck. At that time, trucks were built with only two-wheel brakes and they weren't much good. Everything was mechanical, nothing hydraulic, and it didn't take much for the mechanical breaks to get out of order. The brake linings were soft and didn't hold up very well, so brakes meant very little to us. We depended largely on gears. This old six-speed, when you'd shift from one three sets of gears to the other, you would go through a neutral position, and if you stalled in neutral position while the truck was moving, then you were without any type of gears whatsoever until the truck came to a stop. It was with this old truck that I sort of launched into a small time trucking career. First by doing odd jobs around in the valley, and later I found myself hauling wool out of the hills. I remember on one occasion, this happened about 1930, when coming down from Lava Creek with a load of wool, and by the way, we could put much more wool on a truck than on a wagon with horses, and even though the old truck didn't amount to much compared with trucks in these days, it was a real luxury over the horse-drawn wagon. In coming down with a load of wool from Lava Creek, it was necessary to follow Dan Creek to where we cross Hell Creek, and then we followed Hell Creek until we finally left it. Then we had to cross Willow Creek, below where all these other streams entered into Willow Creek. At that point, Willow Creek was a fairly good sized stream. Willow Creek had cut a tremendous canyon, and this canyon was overcome by a dugway road which had many hairpin turns, and were very dangerous. There had been deaths occur on this road in the past. Many is the time when I came down Dan Creek, then Hell Creek, and then across Willow Creek and delivered the wool into Idaho Falls. On this particular occasion, I remember I was about to descend a steep little pitch along Dan Creek when I had the impression I had better examine my truck. I stopped at the top of the hill, and the lug bolts to the rear wheel had come loose, and the wheel had shifted out of position to where inside of minutes, the wheel would have run off. It so happened that the wheel was on the down side of this slanted dugway, which meant the load would have rolled to the bottom of the creek. So fortunately, we jacked the wheel up, repaired it, and went on. Never thought anymore about the trip until we were about to pull into the warehouse in Idaho Falls and the rear axle on one back wheel crystallized and broke. Yet we had descended all these hills, and particularly the Willow Creek dugway hairpin hills, without brakes, depending entirely upon gears. This to me was not only a warning, but a revelation that some things could have happened in a different place which would have been most disastrous and probably would have taken the lives of those in the truck with me.

I recall in 1932 after a hard day's work trucking beets, this was custom trucking, that my brother Howard and Tom drove up between loads and asked if I could very hurriedly take a load of bucks up to the hills to the main herd. I was rushed because I was behind in the beet haul, but I consented to do so. So we hurriedly loaded the bucks into the beet bed, and in our rush, we overlooked tying the bed

down. It was the type of bed that you would pull up to the beet dump, they would hook a chain lift on one side, and lift it, tipping the bed at about a 45 degree angle to unload the beets. In order for that bed not to tip over, it is necessary in hauling live weight to tie the bed which we overlooked doing. On our way to the hills swinging around the curves, and we were naturally travelling fairly fast because of the element of time. I made a short u-turn, and right at the "u" was a bridge over a gully. Bridges were not very wide at that time, so we didn't have much to spare and the live weight by making a u-turn was forced to one side, unfortunately, it happened to be the side bolted down the opposite side being the one that would lift up which threw the bed completely over, dumping the bucks into a deep ravine below the bridge and the truck was tipped over onto some of the bucks. However, the ravine was deep enough and the truck wide enough, that the bucks pretty well escaped death. Perhaps that was what saved my life because Howard and Tom when they drove up, who were following me, thought that I was dead. When we took the second truck they were in and pulled my truck back over onto the road, the cab was completely demolished, completely demolished, and yet I came out of that without a scratch.

Dad, was this truck the old International that you'd had experience with before?

They were in the International, Howard and Tom.

This truck was a Chevrolet?

And this truck was a Chevrolet.

A new one?

No, I got it for \$250.

Okay, go ahead.

I recall in 1942, I owned a fairly new truck, a Chevrolet truck. I bought it to make trips into Utah hauling grain, coal, and salt. And the boy scouts, no the . . .

Explorer Scouts?

The Explorer Scouts had arranged for a trip to Granite Springs, Wyoming, and they couldn't find anyone to take them, and they asked me if I would truck them up there. Being quite a long distance from home, I realized I would have to stay until they were ready to come home, which I did. At that time, Granite Springs was an open hot pool, and no charge being made for swims taken, and so you can imagine that the boy scouts did plenty of swimming and spent plenty of time in

the pool. We hadn't been home but a few days until every boy... at the same time we were up there, the Gleener Girls were also there under different supervision, and in different trucks. We hadn't been home more than a day or two when everyone from Ucon who had made that trip, both boys and girls, had taken sick with an unknown disease. Doctors were unable to say what the disease was. The Health Department in Boise made a trip over here examining various ones without knowing what the disease was. Samples were sent to laboratories in other states, and the disease was finally labeled by the Health Department in Boise, State Health Department, the "Wycon" taken from the word Wyoming and Ucon fever. Years later, tests came back from Denver indicating that the disease was a sort of queer type of Rocky Mountain Fever. No one died of that, but everyone was extremely sick. They were all hospitalized except myself. I probably was as sick or sicker than most of them, but being married and having a young family, and without means, I chose not to go to the hospital. And so my wife, who at that time had just come home from the hospital with a young baby, said she would nurse me. I thought this was a real act of chivalry on her part, because at that time, we didn't know if it might be typhoid fever or some other fever of a very dangerous character. The fever carried with it tremendous pain, cramps, aches in the joints. Apparently, it was a kind of poison that got into our system, contracted from the mineral springs which was later borne out by the Denver tests.

Mother, what are your recollections of this sickness?

(Mother speaking) -- At the time that these people came down with whatever it was, they didn't know what it was at the time they went to the hospital, the doctors in Idaho Falls decided to inoculate everybody in the whole community of Ucon for typhoid fever because it acted much like that. One Saturday morning, they started, and it took nearly the whole day, and they inoculated everyone in the whole community for typhoid fever. We had just come home from the hospital the day before this on a Friday with Therel. She was about ten days old. People started getting real sick the Sunday after they were inoculated on the Saturday. Some of them didn't know whether they were coming down with the disease which these people from Granite had contracted, or whether it was the results of the inoculations. Dad, on a Monday, was one of them. He had a high fever and a terrific headache. So it was decided that he had the disease that the other people had gone to the hospital with they had contacted at Granite Springs. He didn't go to the hospital. We took care of him here at home. Viva Jensen, the girl who was here helping me with the baby, no one else dared come in because they didn't know how contagious it was. Inez came in and helped me some too. We only had beds enough for the youngsters we had and Viva and I, so dad had to stay out in the living room on a cot. That is where the State Health doctor found him when he came checking all the people who had and was having this disease. It was rather embarrassing to have a situation like that, but we got through it. He was

very weak. He stayed in bed the entire week with a terrific headache, high fever, and it left him very weak. But the next Monday after he'd come down with it, he had to make a trip up to Swan Valley to see what was the matter with the truck. One of the boys from Ucon had gone to the mines and had had a breakdown on the way home, and so dad had to go up on a Monday morning to find out what he could do to get the truck home with a truckload of coal. We all went to see if we could help.

By this time you must have been feeling better, much better? Now, who were some of the boys who went with you on this trip and contracted the illness?

Well, it was the age group to which Lee Robinson, Dean Hill, Merril Andrus, Dick Owens, Joe Hill, and those boys belonged.

About 1930, I recall going to Teton Basin west of the river on the west side of the valley to get a load of coal. There had been a coal mine open up there and a special railroad and been built from the line going over to Victor up the canyon to this mine. Apparently, there was a considerable size coal vein there, and while the coal wasn't as desirable to burn as that coming out of the Blind Bull Mine in Wyoming, nevertheless, it was much closer, and much coal was being hauled. I recall leaving early in the morning, Jim Berry went with me, in the hopes of getting back early that evening because we were having a house party at my folks' place for kids my age. We arrived at the mine, got our load, and left the mine just on our way down the dugway, which was a steep, long, dugway to the bottom of the canyon. The mine was located pretty well near the top of the hill. Perhaps 300 or 400 feet from the mine, the dugway crossed the canyon to the opposite side on a narrow constructed bridge for that purpose, and we had just left the mine and were on our way out when the truck plunged forward with such a force, that I wondered if somebody had hit us from the back. I immediately jammed the front wheels into the embankment in the hopes that I could bring the truck to a stop before reaching the bridge which crossed the canyon. How many feet the truck slid with that load before coming to a stop, I don't know. It's a wonder the front wheels weren't torn right off. Perhaps the bumper helped some, or the fenders, or what have you. The front springs stuck out beyond the wheels, the way trucks were made in those days, and they probably did a lot in bringing the truck to stop without shattering the front end too badly. I recall Jim Barrie jumping from the truck. There was no way I could jump. I was there. I had to ride it to wherever it might have gone. He said, "Lord, I'm a praying. I'm a praying Reed, I'm a praying" as he jumped. On examining the truck following the incident, we found that all the ring gear rivets in the back housing, had sheared and turned the truck loose. There was an old truck that had been abandoned by the mine off on the side hill some 200 feet. After examining that and finding out from them it was strictly waste, we spent the next several hours taking the old truck housing

apart, salvaging the ring gear rivets, taking our own housing apart, and putting the old ring gear rivets from the salvage truck into our own which would enable us to drive home. In the meantime, we sold the load of coal to another trucker who was waiting to load, and he didn't want to wait his turn, so he was willing to shovel from our truck to his, and he could still make much better time than waiting his turn at the mine. This was a disappointing trip, because we had hauled flour up to the mine as pay for the coal. This happened at the time the Depression started, and money was much in demand, very little of it to be had. We did have some flour stocked away, and some of this flour was taken and traded in exchange for this coal. I quote this incident because another 50 or so feet, and I would have reached the point with a loaded truck where we would have just gone right over the embankment, down the canyon which was exceedingly steep and long, there wouldn't have been a chance for a life, for truck, or for anything to survive a fall such as that. I regard this as quite a highlight in my trucking experience.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES

On this tape dad, we want to record some of your missionary experiences. Why don't you begin with the call to the mission field, and then proceed from there.

My call to the mission field came for the 17th of April 1925, but I took sick with spotted fever, and never got out of bed. . . I took sick in April and never got out of bed until the latter part of June. I was laid up during the entire summer so my mission had to be postponed. On September 2, the General Authorities were notified, and I was advised to be in Salt Lake, leaving home the evening of September 2.

When you say you got sick, you are talking about the time you had spotted fever?

Yes, that is what I had, spotted fever. It was caused by a tick bite. I shall never forget the evening I left home. The threshers were down in the field, and they were short handed, and I was called out of the field at noon to make preparations to leave, and it was a hard thing for me to leave the field with the threshing crew running shorthanded, and knowing how hard-put my father was at this time of harvest. Nevertheless, I left for Salt Lake on the midnight train out of Idaho Falls. The entire family was down to see me off. I arrived in Salt Lake and spent ten days in the mission home, most of which I was in the hospital being operated on for tonsils, extracting teeth, and trying to get me in a position to go. Enroute to Holland, I lost 17 pounds, so you will know that my health was not too good. In fact, the authorities questioned whether or not to permit me to go. My companions and I arrived in Rotterdam on a Sunday morning. There was an elder at the station, and instead of taking us to the headquarters of the mission that was located in Rotterdam, he put us on a train, and took us immediately to Amsterdam. We were tired, hungry, dirty, looked like tramps, and I looked like I had been through two or three wars, and in this condition, he took us into a chapel where a mission-wide conference was being held. All missionaries in the conference being in attendance. Dr. James E. Talmage, who was President of the European mission, was there from Liverpool to attend a Dutch conference. My mission president was Brother Hyde, I don't remember his first name now. Following the conference. . . (I must tell of an incident that occurred there before we returned from Amsterdam to Rotterdam where the headquarters of the mission were located.) Elders were being assigned out to places to stay overnight during the conference period, and I was assigned with a Dutch-born elder who had been in the United States for a number of years, and gone back on a mission to Holland. We took a street car out to the place we were assigned to stay, and it looked like things were going to work out very nicely. He seemed like a nice sort of a fellow. When we were getting ready to go to bed, a third missionary who was an American-born elder, came and when he saw two of us there, and realized there

was only one bed for the three of us, he got exceedingly aggravated and made no attempt to conceal such aggravation, which gave me a tremendous feeling of depression. I was already extremely depressed, but this only added to the situation. I had arrived in Holland with less than one American dollar in my pocket. \$50 had been sent ahead to the mission headquarters, but I didn't have access to that right now. One dollar in change was all I had. Nevertheless, I told the Dutch-born missionary, that if he would show me the nearest way downtown, that I would leave for the evening, and I would go downtown. I never mentioned how little change I had. I figured that if I got downtown, I would work things out in my own way. I actually had in mind trying to figure a way to get back to America. I had had enough already. When I got my coat and hat on, and took my suitcase and headed for the door, he walked down the sidewalk with me all the while protesting my going, and finally told me he wouldn't permit me to go, for which I was inwardly quite thankful. I realized in him I had a friend. The other fellow was still as cool as he had demonstrated right from the beginning, but I finally returned to the room on the persuading of my Dutch-born companion, I'm going to call him my companion for the time being. I had some American candy, and I opened it all up, and told them to help themselves. That kind of mellowed the American to the point where we decided to work our lodging out for the night one way or another, which we did.

The following day, Monday, Dr. Talmage met all the missionaries and lectured three different sessions that day, all day long. They were wonderful sessions, but extremely tiring for me. After the sessions on Monday, the elders were free to return to their various mission assignments, or to remain in Amsterdam overnight, leaving the next morning. We left Amsterdam that night, arriving in Rotterdam. For the next three days, I was privileged to eat at the same table as Dr. Talmage who visited around over the mission following the conference. Thereafter, I was assigned to labor in Northern Holland, in a place called Groningen, and it was that portion of Holland that the Dutch language was perhaps utilized more than in any other part of Holland. It could be compared probably to a southerner of the United States, and a westerner. The difference was that grammatical, and the grammatical expressions were almost foreign to the language itself. This made learning the language a little difficult. However, I labored with four missionaries up there, and they were all good missionaries and well along advanced in the language. We got along extremely well. I was assigned to three missionaries, one was American born, and the other two were of Dutch descent. I was assigned to the American who left for home some two months after I arrived. Thereafter, I was assigned to the younger of the two Dutch-born. They used him in the mission field to interpret for Dr. Talmage and others who would come to speak. He was well versed in the English and the Dutch language, and very fluent -- an excellent missionary. I was given him as a companion, and we were transferred to Delfziil, the extreme north end of Holland up against the sea

where you could look out and see the German coast miles over the water which separated us. I think Emden was the name of the German town we could see.

After laboring there, I arrived, of course, in Groningen in the fall of the year, along the latter part of September. When spring came along in the latter part of May, I was transferred to Amsterdam as a senior companion. I had been in the mission field upwards of eight months, and I felt extremely inadequate to become a senior companion and have the added responsibility of teaching a new missionary from the states the language. It so happened that I was fortunate enough to have as one of my first junior companions, John W. Vandenburg who later became a Presiding Bishop of the Church, and is now an assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve. He was Dutch-born, and could speak the language in a conversational way, but what he knew he just picked up around his home from his parents, and it wasn't very high-type Dutch. He couldn't read or write, so it was up to me to teach him how to read the language and how to write the language, and to upgrade the style of his speaking. We got along very fine, and in fact he could carry on in a home among the saints with more ease than I could. When it came to preaching the gospel, I was in a field where I knew the words and the language, and he was lost. When he left me in Amsterdam, he was called to Rotterdam as secretary of the mission because he had had a lot of experience in accounting and secretarial work. My association with him continued indirectly throughout my entire mission.

From Amsterdam I was transferred to Den Helder. That was probably the most productive place I spent my time while in Holland. We labored with three different families for eleven months, and finally after eleven months, succeeded in convincing them that they were ready and qualified to become members of the Church if they so desired. One evening at a designated spot on the beach, the little branch over which I had presided for eleven months, was invited to attend a baptismal service for these three families involving around a dozen people, the parents and children included. When we got down to baptizing them, two of them backed out, feeling that they were not quite ready. After two or three days at home, they couldn't contain themselves any longer, and again, applied for baptism, and they were baptized two or three days later. Of these three families, all three of them followed me to America in the course of six or eight years. The one family by the name of Dinkleman, sent two sons back to Holland on a mission, and he and his wife returned and filled a mission themselves after their sons had finished. He was an aviator. He was a teacher in piloting planes. He was also an excellent stunt flyer. When arriving in America, he couldn't do anything. That was his vocation. He couldn't speak the language, but he was a good enough pilot that the authorities state and nation accepted him and immediately gave him responsibilities for flying in the State of Utah which later expanded to other states. He made solo flights into California and elsewhere which sometimes lasted

one day for five or six hours. Just this summer while visiting with me, he told me that he would never understand how Lindberg ever stayed awake 33 hours while crossing the ocean, because the hardest day's work he ever did was to fly a plane five hours steady through a country he was unfamiliar with, all the while he was consulting his map and trying to locate places and to bring himself to the proper destination. He said Lindberg must have been influenced by some spirit bigger than his own to accomplish such a mission. I can go along with that, because I have marveled at Lindberg all my life. He later demonstrated that he was a skilled and professional pilot by making long flights down through South America and elsewhere which were solo flights in solo planes. By the way, this Dutch man who moved into California, flew the same type of plane Lindberg flew across the ocean.

One of my experiences in Dordrecht that I should mention, Dordrecht, by the way, was the last place I worked, and I was transferred there from Den Helder following the event of the baptisms of these three families. Later when I was released to come home, the mission president would have pulled me out of Den Helder earlier and given me more of a variety of the mission field, but they hadn't had any baptisms in Den Helder for three or four years, and he felt that the place was being neglected, and he was determined he wanted some baptisms out of there at all costs, and it took me the rest of my mission to get them. This I did not know until after my release. Nevertheless, arriving in Dordrecht, which was one of the bigger branches of the entire mission, I had some fine experiences there and I spent quite a little time bringing back into the church an apostate Mormon. The branch had disintegrated through envy and strife, and it needed new blood and new enthusiasm. One of the first things we did was organize a choir. We had a good choir, and that choir tracted... we invited these jack-Mormons to come back and attend which most of them did, finally, later becoming active. Then we acquired new investigators, and the membership of that branch, not the membership, but the attendance in Sacrament Meeting, increased from around 25 up to 75 and 80 in a brief four-month period.

Now one incident I would like to tell, and this happened in Dordrecht. We frequently ate in the home of members of the church. Probably one meal a day we had with some one member of the branch in which we were located. Among these members was a family who had lost three children, as I remember, through tuberculous. They died young... they died between the age of their late teens and early twenties. Two of them died within six months of each other. We ate in this home, all milk was scalded. We were careful about drinking anything that wasn't scalded, but of courses the sandwiches were all prepared by hand and so forth. I didn't give it any concern. It didn't worry me. I was more concerned about the family, the trials and struggles they had. This matter of contacting tuberculous didn't bother me. After having been released from my mission, I came home, a rash broke out on my shoulder, more or less just common pimples, but I was

anticipating marriage, and I didn't want to marry looking like that, and my folks advised me to go down and see Dr. Hatch, which I did. He said, "that's all right Reed, you don't need to worry about that." It started me thinking, and I told my mother, I think I have tuberculosis. She told me she didn't want any of that kind of talk. I said I worked all around it. She said, "if you were protected over there and didn't worry about it, it is too late to start worrying now. If the Lord took care of you over there, he can take care of you here, so forget it" -- which I did. But the amazing part of this story is, that years later after my family was raised, and I had contracted a heart condition, I was in the office of Dr. John S. McMillin, and he insisted on a cardiogram and an x-ray. Being skilled in reading x-rays, he told me the next trip I made in to him, that the x-ray showed that somewhere in my late teens or early twenties, I had contracted tuberculosis, and it had burned out a little portion of my lung. For some unexplainable reason, I had the ability, physically, to shut that off, to house it up, to strangle it, which had happened, but it had left a scar on my lung. He said that happens occasionally, but it is rare. This gave me an added testimony that I never had through life, as to what can happen to people when they go about their work (the Lord's work) and do it without fear.

I had my ups and downs in the mission field, but I must say that it probably gave me a basis for evaluating problems and making decisions which later proved to be a tremendous benefit to me when I served as a state legislator after having come home. I think perhaps that no other experience could have given me the exact things which were so much needed for the rest of my life's work as this missionary experience had done.

Alright, dad, how difficult was the Dutch language to learn, and do you remember any experiences you had that would be worth relating here in connection with your learning the language?

Yes, I used the Book of Mormon a lot to learn the Dutch language. The Book of Mormon repeats "and it came to pass" and such phrases as that. And I learned those phases, and in so doing, I also learned the words. The word "notwithstanding" comes up a lot in the Book of Mormon. Even though I had a language book in the Dutch language and also an English grammar book which I used extensively, I give the Book of Mormon credit for going a long ways in speaking. It seemed just a conglomeration of noise when I started. After two or three months, I wondered if I would ever be able to piece together the phrases and the words I had learned. I had learned two or three sentences, we would go out tracting, I would use these sentences to introduce myself, and hand the people tracts. In another phrase I would say that we'd be back again with another tract the following week. Whenever I found anyone interested, of course, they would start talking, and I was lost. I would call my companion, who was across the

street, and that way, obtain invitations to come in. This went on for probably four months. After four months, then the puzzle started putting itself together. The phrasing of it and the words, sentence construction, all started to clarify themselves. Like a puzzle, I would find that the nearer I got to completing this puzzle, the easier things fit together. I had a good companion who had acted as interpreter for general authorities when they came into that mission. I couldn't have had a finer instructor as a companion, and all that helped. After about six months, things cleared up to where I could understand almost everything people were talking about, and I could explain most anything in the gospel field, of course. Like any other language, you get into another field, a field of science, or the field of medicine, or the field of law, and I would be lost, but in the field of the gospel of Christ, I had sufficient on the ball to understand and explain. So eight months in the field when I became a senior companion, I was fairly qualified to take over. Certainly, the added responsibility quickened my senses to acquire and to sharpen my intellect to retain what I had acquired.

Do you recall any experiences that you might term spiritual experiences in connection with learning the language. For example, you hear of elders who go out in the mission field and have to learn a foreign language and they haven't been out there very long, and they are called upon to give a talk, or they may be listening to a talk in a language they don't understand and quite suddenly they understand it, and quite suddenly they are able to speak it enough to bear their testimonies. Did you have any experiences like this?

I couldn't name any special occasion where I would say anything miraculous happened. However, when I came home and saw foreigners take three or four to a dozen years to learn the language over here, it is almost marvelous, it is almost incomprehensible that a missionary can go out on his own and present the gospel in conversational form after a short five or six months. I'm positive, and I've come to the conclusion, that it is only through the Spirit of tongues, if you want to call it that, a Spirit of language learning, the Spirit of the gospel, and the charge given by those who set you apart for that mission before going, and invariably, they'll, . . . in setting you apart, they will bless you for that particular mission and the acquiring of that language, and it is my feeling that even though I don't attribute any special occasion, that the whole thing is a marvel.

Were you ever used as a translator or an interpreter while in the mission field?

Only as new missionaries would come into the field and make an opening talk, they might say one or two words in Dutch, and want to say more, and if they said it in English, then I would help them by becoming an interpreter.

Do you still remember Dutch?

Yes, after 45 years, it is surprising how little you forget. I hear words now, Dutch words, and they sound as natural as they did 45 years ago. I have to reflect for a few minutes and listen to an entire sentence before the meaning of the words manifest themselves. Certainly, our powers to retain are great, and we don't actually forget anything. It just takes a little while to reconstruct and put things in their proper place.

Do you remember it well enough that you could talk a few sentences into the mike and maybe bear your testimony?

Yes, I do. (Dad bears his testimony in Dutch then translates it.) "I know that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true, as has been revealed to the prophets in these last days."

All right dad, did you ever hold street meetings while you were in the mission field?

Yes. Two that I remember, one of them I was given charge of and it was at a time when a district conference was being held and the mission president said I could select my help, so I selected four elders who could sing and we formed a quartet, and we had a bigger meeting in the street, than the mission president had in the chapel.

Did you enjoy experiences like that?

Yes, very much.

Were you ever heckled?

Not then, no. People seemed very much interested.

Were you ever thrown out of a house because of the message that you brought, or did you ever have a door slammed in your face, or did you ever have anyone threaten you physically?

I was never thrown out, I had the door shut, but never slammed in my face. I was laboring in the vicinity of a minister of the gospel of another faith. I presented my message. I didn't know he was a minister, and he listened very attentive to me, asked me a question or two, and that was it. In the next daily paper, our landlord came down and presented the paper and said, "did you read this." I told him we very seldom read the newspaper. She said, "read this." The paper was written by

the minister to the members of his church, cautioning them to be careful with the so called "Mormon missionaries" because they were extremely fluent in the language, and well versed in the Bible.

That was a compliment to you in a way, wasn't it?

Yes, I felt pretty good about that, even though he was trying to destroy us.

Did you ever have any experiences in which you laid your hands on the sick and the sick were healed in the mission field?

I had the privilege of administering to people in the mission field, but I couldn't say any immediate fast results were determined. All I can say is that the saints who were administered to seemed well pleased and satisfied. I think it was more or less one of those normal things which should be expected under any administration.

Did you ever have any Dutch girls fall in love with you while you were over there that you knew about?

I think there was a Dutch girl in the first branch where I labored when I was speaking mostly English, who fell in love with me. I don't know if she felt sorry for me because of my condition and the language, or whether she actually fell in love with me. It wouldn't have been any problem at all, I am quite certain if I made any advances to her, solicited her help. Other than that, I don't know of any, no.

How did you get around in Holland? Did you walk, ride the train, ride bicycles, or did you do all of these?

In going long distances, I rode the train and the boat. In going distances under 50 miles, we used bicycles. I bought a bicycle, and that is a sad experience too. One of the elders who was a branch president over a branch where I left my bicycle, sold it and kept the money. I guess he was living the gospel the way he understood it.

What was your impression of the Dutch people?

The Dutch people are a very fine people. They are peaceable, they are not violent. They never get in a hurry. They are of a relaxing type, when they have a job to do in the industrial world, they are extremely accurate and technical. The Dutch country is beautiful and clean, no fences, no weeds -- it's almost like a garden. In the spring of the year when you look out over the tulip fields and you see five and

ten acres of nothing but one color of tulips and adjacent to that, five or ten acres will be another five or ten of a different color, and adjacent to that might be another five or ten acres of still a different color of tulips, you cannot conceive anything more beautiful, and to look out at these various rainbow colored tulip fields with a background of big beautiful trees, which are a mossy green down the trunk and an extremely dark green foliage -- much greener than most trees in this country because of a heavy rainfall and moisture.

Now dad, would you tell of your trip home. I know you went through Europe before you came home, and why don't you tell about that briefly, and if you had any experiences during that time, relate these to us.

I planned a little trip before leaving Holland down through the Rhine, through Germany, into France, and back through Switzerland. I left Holland alone. I had agreed to meet another missionary, Dan Simmons, from my own home town, at a place in Switzerland on a given date and at a given time. The train schedules there are so accurate, that he entered the hotel just fifteen minutes after I did. We had it timed that close. He was going over to Berlin, and I didn't anticipate a Berlin trip. I went down the Rhine, stopping at Cologne, Koblenz, some good sized cities, and it was in Cologne where I first saw the first modern opera. That was an opera where trains pulled onto the stage. They looked like real life-sized trains. People got off and walked on the platform, entered the taxis and automobiles and drove away. All this was just as real as what was happening out in front of your own home. I later learned that this was done by moving scenery. I didn't know it at the time just how it was done, but it was so real, you could never have told it from the authentic thing itself.

I had quite an experience there in Cologne. I got off the train and there were many ramps leading out of the station from the trains. I was lost, but I made my way out and across the street. I hadn't gone more than half block when I came into a vast cathedral which I recognized from history books as being the great cathedral of Cologne which was not destroyed during the war. So I went in and visited that cathedral for a while, and just beyond the cathedral, was a bridge across the Rhine. After visiting there, I was at a loss as what to do. I crossed the street and went to a cafe and ordered up a short lunch. While I was eating, I had a chance to observe the activities of the German youth which was quite a little like a city in Holland. After that, I couldn't make up my mind what to do. I didn't want to go downtown, I was half afraid, so I decided to go back to the station and just get a map and consult the map, and decide what to do. While sitting in the station, a missionary walked through who was in the same group as I was when we left for the mission field. I recognized him immediately, called to him, and he came over and he recognized me, and he said "what are you doing here?" I said, "I'm just wondering what to do." He says, "just put that aside now, and we'll go home." So

I went with him, staying there overnight, and that is the night we went to the modern opera. The next day he put me on the train which led down to Liege which was the next city in Belgium where I wanted to stop. From Liege I went on down to Switzerland where I met Brother Simmons. Then we toured Switzerland, part of Switzerland together, taking the train back to Paris, France, stayed in Paris for two or three days, went out over the old World War I battlefield, through the Aargon Forest, and much of that was still as it had been when the war ended. We went back to an opera that night, and we had main floor tickets. When we appeared at the door in our business suits, they refused to seat us, because those tickets only seated people in full dress evening suits. So we managed to talk the vendor to trade those tickets for some gallery seats, and watched the opera from the gallery. While there, we also watched the French follies, which was interesting. The follies themselves were not anything of a disgusting character. I assume the reason for the reputation that the follies carried, was due to the rooms and clubs and bars in the same building adjacent to the theater where the follies were held. Surely there must have been corrupt activity going on, because there were people soliciting for these.

IDAHO POLITICS

Okay, dad, we want to talk about your experiences in the legislature, and if you would care to record any of your ideas on government or political philosophy while you are talking about your experiences in the legislature, we would love to have you do that too.

Thank you, Alyn. All during the 20's, I mean from the ending of World War I until 1933, the United States was dominated largely by the Republican party which was supposed to have been, in some people's judgment, an era of grandeur, but in my judgment, because I worked like a horse through these years, it was an era of do nothing, say nothing, and be nothing on the part of those elected to the high office of President of the United States, namely, Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, and finally the day dawned when the country had reached a point of bread lines in Washington, not blocks, but sometimes miles long, the accumulating of veterans of the United States making demands on the White House. The loss of money in banks and the foreclosure of property, and the folding up of banks, the selling of livestock on the market far below the cost of production. It was a period when it was impossible to carry a nickel in your pocket, or get out and make a nickel unless you had a secured job, and those people little realized we were entering into one of the worst depressions that ever hit the United States in its history. Those who held federal and state jobs, those who were in permanent work who weren't affected to where they were laid off, were in a position to buy thousands and thousands of dollars worth of property for just a small fraction of its true value. They could have become millionaires or multi-millionaires in a short time, and many of them did come into lots of money. During this period of time, the people of the United States were suffering untold misery, struggling for the mere necessities of life, such as food, not luxurious food, but just food of the simplest form. This is the time when after four years of Hoover administration, and a failure to correct the situation to where people could again live or get along, President Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected to the Presidency of the United States in 1933.

It is surprising how fast conditions changed--just a change in the atmosphere; just a change in the presidential attitude toward people. The fireside chats of encouragement. The inauguration of various federal projects, such as the Works Progress Administration, and projects intended to build and create public activity, such as building new school buildings, parks, building roads through the forest, making more accessible places that heretofore had been almost impossible to penetrate. Those types of projects, which returned to the government, eventually, all the money expended by the government, including a low interest rate.

These were the projects that were under way when in 1935, the off presidential year, but the year when people were elected to state offices, this was the year when I became interested in political government. This was brought about for various reasons, those I have just mentioned. They had placed me in such a financial bind, I had a young family, I had gotten married in 1929, just prior to any knowledge of what might be ahead, and then our children started coming, and it was a common thing not to be able to pay a doctor bill. Doctors then are like they are now -- they never forgot to hound you, irrespective of conditions. I think in some cases, I think it was warranted, because they were having their problems too. But you can't get blood out of a turnip, and it was impossible to get money out of people, and certainly, families still had to live, they still had to have a little something to eat, and my greatest concern during these years was how I was even going to feed my family. I became interested in politics. I decided if I could do something about the situation, I was going to.

I was abetted in this idea by a friend of mine whom I had worked with as an insurance agent. He came to my office, A.W. Satterfield was the man. He was then living in Pocatello. He came to my home and said, "Reed, I've known you for quite some time. We need men in the legislature. I was over there two years ago when President Roosevelt was elected the first time. I was astounded at some of the things that go on in the legislature, the greed and the personal selfishness that were manifest, and the lack of understanding for the common person who was without means. We need somebody over there who has lived through hard labor and lived through struggle, so the proper sympathy might be shown to those people most destitute and in most need. I'll put your name before the grange and the Farm Bureau. I'll promote you, and we are going to elect you to the legislature if you will consent." That is all I had been waiting for. I readily gave my consent, and the first thing I knew, I had an application filed with the county recorder as a candidate for the House of Representatives for the State of Idaho.

I take no credit for my first election, because I have stated how it was gone about. My father had been in politics some. He had been a county commissioner. He told me he would give me all the help he could. People were certainly ready to assist President Roosevelt, so to be on the Democratic ticket was almost a certainty of election. I got the nomination which was the difficult thing, and then following that, in the general election, the trend was still going strong for President Roosevelt and his projects. With little difficulty, I was elected to the Idaho State House of Representatives. I was 29 years of age. Upon arriving in Boise, I discovered that I was one of the two youngest members of the entire legislature, including both House and Senate. Having filled a mission for the LDS Church, I had developed somewhat the art of expression and was in a position to take the floor and express myself better than most of those people elected to the House. That was soon recognized by many, and I was asked to present bills for them and

to promote discussions for them in their effort to have a bill become a law. If the bill met with my approval, I gladly accepted these invitations. It wasn't long before I had created a position of influence in the House of Representatives.

At this time, C. Ben Ross was the Governor of the State of Idaho. Even though he was very determined and a self-made individual, I give him credit for being one of the best Governors Idaho ever had. He got things done. He put more pavement in, he built more roads, he attempted more public projects with less red tape, such as extensive expensive surveys than any Governor since and perhaps before his time. For this I will always give him credit. He was a three term governor. However, the governors term in office was only two years. But to be elected three times was an honor. He made the mistake of running against William E. Borah for the United States Senate and was defeated. William E. Borah, even though he ran on the Republican ticket, was a great independent, and I was one of this admirers.

In my first session of the Idaho Legislature, the two big issues along with all the many other bills presented would probably be the state-wide sales tax, and since prohibition had been outlawed through the 18th Amendment nationwide, the State of Idaho, having voted for the 18th Amendment to outlaw prohibition, we were faced with the problem of selling or handling liquor in the state, controlling the sale of it. The sales tax was defeated. I was against the sales tax, I am still against the principle of sales tax. I recognize that Idaho has it at this time. I recognize that it is kind of a buried tax. It is easily collected. The state gets it as you spend it. My reasons for being opposed to it are that a sales tax takes money from people on every dime they make because they spend every dime they make for living necessities, whereas the wealthy spend only a portion of what they make -- the rest going in tax exempt interest bearing investments and bonds on which no taxes were paid at that time. I felt that the sales tax was highly unjust.

Because the sales tax failed, Governor Ross called us in for a special session which lasted twenty days, the limit to a regular session being sixty days, and the limit to a special session being 20 days. During the 20-day period, the sales tax did pass by a majority of one vote and became a law. But soon, referendum petitions were being passed over the state to outlaw the sales tax because people had indicated that they didn't want it, and it was under extremely high pressure that it was forced through the special session of the legislature. Through these referendum petitions, the sales tax was again defeated and was never considered until years later when the Republicans gained control over the House and Senate and the State of Idaho.

The liquor situation finally resolved itself by the adoption of state liquor stores which would be the only distributing points for the sale of such liquor in the state. It was felt that it could better be controlled when people had to get permits before

buying through a state liquor store. This was later changed by the Republicans when they made it possible for liquor to be sold by the drink and they made it possible for liquor to be sold in counties according to the option of the county for or against such a measure. This created a false economy over the state because in many places, villages were created running sometimes 100 miles long which were two or three miles in width, to take in all the residence that border a meadow or stream, and such villages were created for the sole purpose of selling liquor by the drink. To me it was the most foolish type of legislation, but nevertheless, it was done.

I think of all the legislative sessions I attended, the session of 1935 was the most, memorable of any. There were some excellent men in that session, men of principle and men of character, men who were looking after and attempting to soften our day and protect the people of the state against the discrimination of the special privilege classes who were always there represented by high paid lobbyists. I think perhaps we had more real dedicated men in that session than in any session I attended.

I served during the 1935-36 legislative period, and in 1937, I was re-elected. Barzilla Clark became the governor of the State of Idaho. At the end of the legislative session, he offered me the position of Director of Safety of the State of Idaho, which I did not accept. Notwithstanding my financial problems, I had become extremely interested in legislative matters.

Dad, excuse me. Are you saying then, that you didn't accept this offer because you wanted to remain in the legislature, and if you would have accepted the position the governor offered you, you would not have been able to run for the legislature, is that the reason?

That is right.

Suppose you had accepted the Governor's offer. Do you feel that your doing this might have led to other positions, perhaps more powerful positions in the State Government, which would have altered the course of your life entirely?

I think not, for this reason. Barzilla Clark served for one term. And then people got the idea that the Roosevelt Administration was inaugurating too many expensive projects. The Republicans were trying their best to come back into office and to use every argument they could against President Roosevelt. As a result, Barzilla Clark was defeated after two years by C.A. Bottalfsen of Arco, which would have put me out of the safety appointment, and perhaps permanently, who knows. But once established in the legislature, I had no difficulty in being re-elected, because my own people felt I was doing the kind of

a job they wanted done. I think my decision was a wise one.

During this period of Bottalfsen's administration, I must say it had its effect, even in my case, because I was defeated during a 1937 term. But Bottalfsen apparently made enough mistakes and Roosevelt's programs were extremely popular, and the Republican who defeated me had made such a coarse showing, that two years following when Barzilla Clark's brother, Chase Clark, decided he would end the Bottalfsen reign, and ran for Governor, Barzilla Clark, by the way, at this time, had passed away. Chase Clark put on an excellent campaign, and I was re-elected to the Legislature with the inauguration of Chase Clark as Governor.

Apparently the two years in which Bottalfsen served didn't hurt my seniority any, because I was accepted by the Democrats who were in control of the house, and it was during this in 1942-43 period while Chase Clark served as Governor, that my views on state economy were such that the permanent chairman on the Appropriations Committee who had brought out the recommendation of that committee, favoring a tremendous increase in the budgets for each state department, and the bulk of those budgets represented a tremendous raise in salary for the employees when the economy of the state generally was still struggling, but still making upward movement. My attitude was that the Departments of State were selfish and they were asking for much more money than they needed. So I led a group opposing their budgets as recommended by the joint finance and Appropriations Committee, and we won. We turned their recommendations down. It was near the end of the session, and something had to be done. The chairman of both the Finance and Appropriations Committee both resigned so the speaker of the House appointed me in the House as temporary chairman to finish the session, and those in the Senate who opposed the increase in budget request, were made chairmen and committee members of the Senate Finance Committee. We met together, and being late, and both being inexperienced, not members of the Committee, but members of the legislature, we realized that the men would be serving without pay at the end of 60 days which was near at hand. We realized also, that we couldn't take each department separately and spend time discussing the matters in full. We just made a percentage cut on everything. Believe it or not, we recommended a 25 percent cut over what the previous committee had recommended. And the 25 percent cut passed the Legislature with an overwhelming majority in both Houses. This placed me in a position to become permanent chairmen of the Appropriations Committee of the House the following session, which I was elected to and served as a permanent Committee Chairman of the Appropriations Committee.

This was probably the year in which I reached the zenith of my legislative career, because at the end of the session when we presented the budgets to the House and Senate, they were accepted almost unanimously without any dissenting vote, and

very little protest. This is the year in which several fellows who were trying to become candidates for Congressional District #2 in the United States House of Representatives, agreed that if I would submit my name for candidacy for Congress, that they would withdraw their's and support me. I can name three cases, no less than three cases, where this happened. But still being in poor financial circumstances, although I think I could have been re-elected with very little expenditure, but not being able to tour the state and take the time required, I declined to run for United States Congress. My family was growing up. I needed to spend all that time making a livelihood. I am positive that my election would have been certain. Bert Miller, a Democrat, ran for the Senate, and won, and Bert Miller, even though we have very little in common, told me he would like me as a running mate for the House and he would give me all the support he could. He was in a position to make a good campaign, because he was serving as attorney general of the state and was able to tour the state as an attorney general, and I presume, somewhat on state funds, which I was not able to do. So, a more ideal situation for election never could have existed, but my wife did not want to go to Washington. She preferred staying in the west. Otherwise, I might have been elected and gone along in about the same category as men, such as Linden Johnson, who became attached to the United States Congress along about this time, and many other men who had spent years back there.

Let me ask you a question. Have you ever regretted your decision not to run for the United States Congress?

From a personal standpoint, yes. From a family standpoint, no. I think my family would have been unhappy in Washington D.C., and perhaps I would have gotten tired of it myself. But, I think on the other hand, I think my family enjoyed being raised on a western farm as they were, and certainly, it was not to my disadvantage in any way except from a political standpoint.

In 1940, after having completed the 1941 and 1943 sessions, I decided to be closer to home and the family, and I ran for County Commissioner in the Third District in Bonneville County, I was elected. I served as County Commissioner for two years, and it was long toward the end of my second year as Commissioner that an accident occurred in my family near my home which took all the life out of me publicly, perhaps I died during part of that time, because my ten year old son was killed by a truck owned by the family. I withdrew from politics, not entering again until 1949 when I decided to run for the Senate in the State of Idaho.

I was successful in being elected to the Idaho State Senate. I was also successful in having appointed the House Attorney, a friend of mine from Idaho Falls, Alton Denman. I was also successful in having appointed two or three men which I regarded well at attache positions in the Senate. Among them was even a

Republican, George F. Robert Parker. The Democrats were in control, and he asked me if I dared to promote his name, and I told him yes I would.

I remember John S. Fuller was given a position who was a good friend of mine. So as a young Senator but widely known for my activities in the House, I didn't seem to loose any prestige, but almost picked up in the Senate where I left off in the House. I found the session extremely interesting, but boring because I had not fully recovered from the death of my son. I had periods of melancholy. And sadness caused me to have no desire to continue my work as a legislature. After one session or one term in the Idaho State Senate, I withdrew from politics. I was without political responsibility from that time, which dated along about 1952 until 1959, when I was appointed by the Idaho State Land Board, composed of the Governor of the State, the Secretary of the State, Attorney General of the State, the State Auditor, and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Under their supervision, I was given the appointment of state land agent for all of Southeastern Idaho. Here I served for a period of ten years where I could be home with my family and finance my children who were then old enough to fill missions, attend college, and I could help them, particularly when they were in the mission fields where they couldn't do for themselves.

I have many stories that I would yet perhaps present that took place while I was state land agent. I find that being in an administrative job, varies from a legislative job extremely. An administrative job makes you more susceptible, I think, to illegal bribes and pressures. Things where you would think a legislator would be number one, I would place an administrative job over land as far in excess of the legislature, when such things are considered.

Dad, let me ask you some questions about the time you spent in Boise as a legislator. First of all, I want to know what the circumstances were at home when you were elected to serve as a legislator. How many children did you have when you first went over there? Did mother stay here with the children alone, or did she have someone come in and stay with her? Were you able to send money home so she was able to support the family on the money you made as a legislator? Tell us about some of these circumstances.

Yes, gladly. A legislator at that time received \$5 per day, and mileage over to the legislature, and your return trip home at the end of the session. This \$5 a day was supposed to take care of all his expenses. That was his pay by the State of Idaho for serving as State Legislator. No one can tell me that it is impossible to live on a small income. I know better, because I lived it. No one can tell me that you have to be in big money and you have to give legislators big money to get good men in office. I don't believe it.

While in Boise, I shared that \$5 a day with my family at home. That is the way they lived. If I had to cut down, I cut down on my food supply in Boise. I didn't try to stay at the Boise Hotel, and pay all the cocktail parties that other legislators thought was part of the game. I went down and got a private room. I always had a nice room. I always had nice company in that room, such men as Jared Anderson, who was stake president of the Pocatello LDS Stake, and Wilford Taylor from Jefferson County, and they shared with me my room. I was able to even buy a suit of clothes with my part of the money. I found that I couldn't attend expensive dinners like a Jefferson-Jackson dinner. People came from all over the state to attend their dinners. I was living right in Boise and never went to one, because of the expenses. . . It didn't hurt my influence as a legislator one iota. In fact, I gained prestige by playing a more or less independent role. When elected, I felt a party responsibility, but not to a point where a party became major. After my election, my responsibility was to the people of the state first, and party second. My wife was able to carry on with the money I sent home. I provided for young girls who wanted to get through high school to stay with her, and they were willing and ready to stay in our home for very little remuneration, except for the board and room they received because of the high school education which they desired which was made possible by living in a home which was close to the high school.

I refute any argument, and I'm a living example of it, that men have to be well paid to become good legislators, its all damned foolishness. The best men I ever met in Boise would have served for nothing, had it been necessary. I might say that the well paid men in Boise at the end of the 60th day packed their suitcases and went home when the rest of us, who were extremely underpaid, stayed five and six days on our own time after our pay had stopped. This bespeaks dedication to a job. I have seen that happen in dozens and dozens of cases. I have little respect for that argument.

My wife was such that she made things go as she possibly could without complaint. We had two children when I first entered the legislature, and the family was growing. I think by the time I quite, that our family had increased to five or six children.

Let me ask you another question. How old were you when you first went to the legislature?

Twenty-nine.

Now tell us how many years you served in the House of Representatives.

I spent four terms in the House, two years to each term.

You served one term in the State Senate.

One term in the Idaho State Senate, two years to that term.

So you served ten years in the legislature. Then now many years did you serve as County Commissioner?

I served two years as County Commissioner.

So that is twelve years in politics.

That's right.

And then you served how many years as a state land agent?

I served exactly ten years as agent for state lands in Southeast Idaho.

So if you include the time you served as State Land Agent, you served the State of Idaho for 22 years in a political office or in an administrative office like the state land agent was.

Yes. Then I served as a county weed supervisor for two years which made 24 years of actual public service.

Just as a matter of interest, dad, who is your favorite President of the United States, and why is he your favorite?

Through study, I favor Thomas Jefferson, perhaps above all other presidents. I think Abraham Lincoln did a wonderful job and was a wonderful man. In these characters I probably wouldn't be opposed by very many people. My third choice would be highly controversial, but it would be Franklin D. Roosevelt because of his attitude toward the poor people generally. To me he was a most outstanding man and I share with Winston Churchill an attitude of love and respect and gratitude for this man who became our president.

Who is your favorite Governor of the State of Idaho?

I got along very well with Barzilla and Chase Clark. I think they both did an excellent job, but I still think that Ben Ross perhaps accomplished more with less complications than any governor we ever had. I don't feel that we've had very many good governors since that time. I was acquainted with C.A. Robins. He was a nice man, he was a medical doctor, but he permitted the state to get away from him. It was during his administration that slot machines were legalized, and later

the Republican party that legalized them had to do away with them because of the corruption and filth.

Len Jordan was just an average governor. He was looking for a good job, which he got. He was more interested in the job than in being a good governor of Idaho, and he had a good job from the time he left the Governor's seat until he was finally appointed to the United States Senate through a vacancy created. Men who followed him, Robert Smiley, and Don Samuelson, to me, they were just pains in the neck, and I don't mean maybe.

end of tape, side 2.

EXPERIENCES AS AN IDAHO STATE LAND AGENT

Today, we want to talk about your experiences as a land agent for the State of Idaho. And you've worked out an outline. Just go ahead and talk from your outline.

Yes. That would be fine with me. 1959-1969, exactly to the day, ten years were spent as State Land Agent for Southeast Idaho involving twelve counties and part of the time thirteen counties, running from the Utah State line to the Montana State line, and west to include such counties as Power, Bingham, Bonneville, Clark, which was quite an area. Nearly all of the agricultural land in the state was located in Southeast Idaho. Upon entering this assignment, I had approximately 88,000 acres of dry farm land or farm land, out of a total of two and a half million acres of state or school-owned land in the entire state. My area involved probably a half million acres or better of forest land in addition to agricultural lands spoken of. Before launching into my activities as land agent, I would like to give a brief run down on the preparation for this type of work.

During my life, I was fortunate enough to have had some experience in surveying which certainly fit in very nicely with this assignment, and without it, I couldn't have done the job nearly so well as I figured that I did do it. I also had legislative experience which alerted me and informed me better on state lands, their uses and abuses, and the endowments, the reason for the endowments, and such things as one would necessarily have to know to do a good job.

Also, I had spent my entire life with livestock and farming, which acquainted me with the soil of the local area and the water. I had also had experience as a canal rider, which gave me a good background on the natural resources and their importance, and livestock. For years I spent in the hills attending sheep. I met many sheep men and cattlemen, and got acquainted with the problems of lambing, the hazards involved through various types and diseases, the percentage of the losses, and all to be reckoned with in computing the eventual net income to people in this type of business. These things I figured were all very essential, and made for a better accomplishment of that particular assignment.

Now may I say a few words in regard to my appointment? While in the legislature, I had become acquainted with some of the phases of state land, and particularly the abuses that I felt were prevalent that had to do with leases and sales. I attempted to become a land agent years before this appointment came. In fact, the land board over that request for appointment got in a deadlock. Two of the five members for me, two members of the five against me, and the fifth member, not wishing to register at that time. Because of this, the land board employed an

entirely new and unsuspected candidate which, of course, relieved my request and a request by another legislator going against each other for the job.

It so happened at the time of my appointment, I had friends sitting on the land board, but I thought very little about such an appointment, as I was busy farming and I was riding a canal at that time, but I was aware that my friends were going to constitute the land board after the elections, so I made a request from my nearest friend in Southeast Idaho who had gained the position of Secretary of State through the election. I made a request for the position of land agent over Southeast Idaho, with a partial promise. When the time came to make the promise good, I became aware that a man whom he had been closer associated with through life than myself, and who apparently had many qualifications for the job, got the appointment. This man had an elective job, and due to the fact that his office was in a state of being where the lands within his county, he was serving as county assessor, were being re-appraised and revalued, the electors of that county raised a protest over his accepting the position of state land agent. An attorney friend of mine who was in the same office as land agent, when this man came to get the books from Idaho Falls and was going to move them to Rexburg, but in coming to Idaho Falls decided he couldn't accept the assignment because of the protest of the electors of his county, made this known to my attorney friend who came in on this information before it was known to anyone else. He immediately called me on the phone and told me that the job was open and of all the people in Idaho, I should have that job. I stepped to the telephone and called the Secretary of State and told him that I felt I should receive the appointment. I wasn't asking for it, I was almost demanding it. I had been told by the doctor just a week before, that my physical labors must end because of a heart attack which had sent me to the hospital for three days and was advised never to return to my physical work on the canal and farm again. I felt that I was still physically able to carry on the work of land agent which involved part-time office work, and the field work could be so arranged by me to cover it when I felt best. I made a promise at this time. I had a boy in the mission field, and I didn't know how I was going to continue to finance that mission. And I told the Lord if I got that assignment, that I would spend that money in keeping missionaries in the field-- which I did right up until the time that I was retired and during my sojourn with the Land Department, one boy completed a foreign mission, and another boy served a two-year mission in East Canada, and the third boy completed a two and a half year mission in Finland. So, I say this, because I feel the assignment and the way it came about, was more or less a directive of providence in my case, and I have also felt to give Providence the credit for such.

When I called the Secretary of State regarding the assignment, I received from him over the telephone his full cooperation, and he indicated to me that since he was the only one on the board in Southeast Idaho, that he felt the other members of

the board would listen wholeheartedly to his recommendation, which apparently they did. Because about three days later, an appointment that they had previously made of a new state land commissioner, called me over the phone and asked me if I was Reed Andrus: "yes", and was I willing to accept the assignment: "yes", and could I go to work right away: "yes." How soon? "In the morning." I felt I couldn't unload my canal responsibilities that fast. It was then mid-week, so I suggested to him that I would go down to the office for part of the day and for the balance of that week, and then begin Monday morning full-time employment, which he accepted, and it was carried out on that basis.

It is rather difficult to enter an office for the first time, not having any real administrative responsibilities in the state. Mine had been mostly legislative experiences. To know just how to start and where to start, but it didn't take long until I soon found my feet were solidly on the ground. I had more work than I could possibly take care of, barring all other work I had been used to previous to the accepting of this assignment. The one way I overcame this was to go to work early in the morning and stay there late at night. I went out of town around over the district, and rather than quit at 5:00 o'clock and go to a hotel and lay around till 8:00 the next morning, I would work until dark, then go to the motel and be up working at sun up in the morning. If I happened to finish the job before sundown that night, it was not an uncommon thing for me to drive from Montpelier or West Yellowstone, or Preston, home that night, getting home at midnight, and getting back on the job early the next morning. In other words, it wasn't a time-clock, eight-hour business. It was a business of taking care of a job, irrespective of the time involved, and the hours involved.

I soon found that the things I had suspected, more or less allegations on my part, were factual and substantive of actual evidence regarding the abuse of the leases and the obstruction of sales. And terrific pressure was exerted by those involved with leases and those who were contemplating via sales to block any effort to raise appraisals or raise rates or to in any way enhance the states' revenue and income from the lands involved. Rather the effort was all selfish, individual, incorporate with the intention of making as much from state lands as was humanly possible, and as a result, many people became extremely wealthy.

Dad, let me interrupt to ask you a question. How would you dispose of these lands, and what lands would you dispose of? Say something about state lands and the lands you sold and the lands you leased, who bought these lands, who leased these lands, how much did they sell for, how much did they lease for? Were they bought at auction or bought in some other way? Explain some of the mechanics of selling these lands and leasing these lands.

Okay, I would be happy to explain any problems of the land and the disposition of state land leases and state land sales. The law provided at that time that land, when sold, must be advertised in four weekly consecutive issues of the newspaper in the county in which the land was to be sold. It also provided that the land would be sold at an open auction, and not by sale bid. That those interested in the purchase of the land would appear in the assembly as set up by the advertising, and conducted by the land agent, and by the way, the land agent, except any special representative appointed out of Boise, was the only one authorized to conduct and make these sales. These sales were always open bidding, verbal bidding, the highest bid, which would be the last bid, would be the successful purchaser of the land. Giving no undue partiality to him who had had the land leased in previous years. Some people felt this was wrong, and the leasee would have a preference, and be permitted to up the last bid if he so desired. Personally, I do not agree with this. I felt that the open bidding and the highest bid made by the last person to bid was the proper way of disposing of state land.

So all land sold was sold at auction?

All land sold was sold at auction by law after properly having been advertised.

Okay, who determined when land was to be sold and what land was to be sold?

The land to be sold had to be applied for. Formal application was made by the applicant through the land agent, and after the application was taken, the land agent would go over the land, inspect and appraise, and submit a brief wherein a description of the land, the legal description was given, its location was given, the type of land it was, whether smooth or rocky, whether sandy or heavier soil, and whether steep, or quite level. All such things as that were to be submitted to the landlord so they in turn could determine whether or not the land should be sold. It took about two to three months to process an application before eventual sale. The landlord in my case was very cooperative, and they came to depend greatly upon my recommendations.

Another question. We talk about state lands. Where did the state get these lands, and for whom did the state administer the lands? I know that some of these lands were school lands. Were there other lands besides school lands?

That is a very good question, and very few throughout the state understand that, except those who have them leased. What I call state lands, as administered by the state land commissioner and his three land agents over the state, actually, could be regarded as school endowment lands. They are state lands only to the extent that the state is trustee in trust of the lands which were given by the

Federal Government through the State of Idaho at the inception of Idaho as a state, which occurred in 1890.

Prior to Idaho becoming a state, the Congress of the United States Government, in about the year 1785, passed legislation granting to the states lands within the states as school endowment lands for that specific purpose of financing education on the elementary and secondary level within the state. So these lands actually belonged to the schools of the State of Idaho. Some states received more lands than other states by virtue of the Congressional Act, because some states apparently appeared at that time more arid and less productive than other states. Idaho appeared more as a potential productive state, and was given two sections out of each township for the purpose of a school endowment. These two sections were named and numbered, and since the township has 36 sections, one section having 640 acres, sections 16 and 36 were named as the school endowment sections throughout all Idaho. In the case where these sections may have been by prior squatter's right, or some foundation, or some Indian Reservation, reservoir, or so forth, and it was found impossible to grant the 16th or 36th section of a township. The state was then given the privilege of making a selection of lands equivalent to those they could not get through prior ownership of any other section within the township. As a result of this, Idaho had several sections of land to be selected after becoming a state in 1890, and even at the present time, all of that land has not yet been selected. As time goes on, eventually this selection will be made, and the schools will come into full ownership of all the lands which were in the original act as passed by the Congress of the United States.

Now these lands being granted specifically to the schools for the specific purpose of education, also were regarded as sacred. It was an endowment by the Federal Government to the State for educational purposes, a highly desirable act on Congress part, and certainly the man who came up with the idea, or the men, should receive lasting credit for such far-sighted vision. Many states have unloaded all the lands they had. Idaho, out of the three million and better than six thousand acres of land, granted to it by the government, by this time, has sold approximately one million acres. We still have about two million six hundred thousand acres of land yet in the ownership of the schools under the trusteeship of the state.

Alright, I'd like to know if you feel that to sell school lands is good policy. Doesn't it stand to reason if we continue to sell school lands, that one day all the lands will be gone, and then the schools will not have that money coming in each year, at least they won't have the guarantee that our founding fathers meant them to have, that is, that every kid in America should have a free education, and the government should help to underwrite that education.

That is a good and timely question, and I am happy to answer this way. That the endowment funds, which is an accumulation of the monies from the sales, less the interest. The principle money from all sales made goes into an endowment fund, and that fund cannot be used for any other purpose than to be put out on interest and accumulate interest, which interest is used and portioned out for a current school operation. It is apportioned out on the basis of classroom units based on the number of students attending different schools.

Now, since the endowment fund is just as tangible as the land, except that the land could increase in value, but the endowment fund could also increase in value if interest rates went up. I could see very little reason for not selling some lands. However, I would say that a million and a half acres of Idaho school lands should never be sold, because they make up the water sheds of Idaho, being very heavily forested, and we are making headway in reforestation, and the care of forests in order to come in through heavier future production. So, yes I would be against the sale of at least one million five hundred thousand acres. But we have many lands at this time held by the schools which could and should be sold. There are various reasons for this. After land is sold, it goes on to the tax rolls. While still in school ownership, it is not taxed. When it is sold to individuals, it comes in on the tax rolls, and it bears its equal share along with other individuals in privately owned lands, in paying off the tax burdens in the State of Idaho.

Another reason for the sale of some lands is that it would have a tendency to curb the abuses of leases that have ever been prevalent since Idaho received these lands. It would also eliminate pressure groups who have controlled this land when it comes into individual or corporate ownership. It would also farm some lands the state is not qualified and is not set up, and doesn't have the machinery, either by law or physically or materially to develop. Under private ownership, this land is developed, and put into production, and since the population is ever on the increase, it is quite necessary that production keep pace with this demand on supplies, and this production has. The sale of these lands and the development of these lands has played a great part in pioneering the production in taking care of the increased population which is constantly going on in this state. And as time goes on, population will even increase at a more rapid rate than has been the case in past years, when there was plenty of land which required very little development to put it into production. Most land now which is being put into production, sold by the state, could not produce for the recent development of sprinkling systems because much of this land is arid land. Much of it has been converted from the old type dry farming done every other year because of the need of rebuilding the soil and refertilization which formerly was summer fallowed every other year. Much of this land now is fertilized and producing every year. So there are many reasons for the sale of the land.

During my administration as land agent over Southeast Idaho, I never sold any land that wasn't appraised so that the state's existing interest at that time would accumulate revenues to the state ten times greater than the lease amounted to on the same land. Even just the interest alone, whatever rate happened to be existing at that time, would be ten times greater than the least at that time on the same identical acreage that was being sold. Then when the land would come up for bid and there would be competitive bidding, the appraisal price, and no land, by the way, could be sold for less than the appraised price if they were so advertised that way according to law, then with competitive bidding, many times, this land was sold at several times the appraised price which not only made the interest rate ten times greater, but sometimes made the interest rate from one to three hundred percent better. In fact, I have actually figured that we sold some land where the interest rate at the adjusting rate at the time the land was sold, would accrue to the state more money in one year than the leases had accrued to the state or would accrue to the state if left where they were in one hundred years. That seems almost impossible. Almost fantastic. Nevertheless, if arithmetic can be relied upon, that is exactly the case.

Now you mentioned some lobbyists a few minutes ago who controlled these lands. Generally, who were the lobbyists. What people did you have in mind when you said that?

Generally, people who attempted to influence obstruction of sale, and they were always there to bid, and even would try to get a hold of anyone suspected of being a competitive bidder, buying them off before the sale. Those things have been known to go on. In fact, I cite you one case of a land sale held in St. Anthony where the lessee of the property, there were two men involved, was determined that the land not come up for sale. At the time I appeared at the courthouse to conduct the sale, they were lobbying with all people who appeared to be competitive bidders, not to make any bids. What their arrangements with these people were, I don't know. All I know is that when the meeting got under way, one of the lessees attempted to obstruct the sale, asked for the privilege of making a talk, and made a statement after his talk that there wouldn't be any sale. So I said, "Apparently, there is no opposition, and your talking is going to be an obstruction to the sale which has been advertised. I refuse to let you talk, but I'll take the floor, and anyone in this audience can ask me, including yourself, any question you want for as long as you want, and I'll see that you get an answer." So I was put under hot and terrific questioning for about forty-five minutes. After forty-five minutes of that, I called for the bid. I had five competitive bidders send up their checks then and there, who otherwise hadn't even volunteered a check. When I speak of checks, anyone desiring to bid, had to submit a check in the amount of ten percent of the appraised value in order to qualify for a bid on the land. So if he happened to be a freak and didn't intend to carry out a legitimate

bid, the State of Idaho kept that ten percent. If he carried out his bidding, and the land was sold, all checks, except the successful bidder, were returned to the people who gave them, and the successful bidder's check was applied to the purchase price of the land. It so happened in this case in St. Anthony with five competitive bidders, that the land sold for an excellent price, and the income from the interest rate exceeded the lease rate by, I'm not qualified to say at this time, I have forgotten, but I know around far over one hundred percent.

I would like to know what people generally wanted to buy lands. Cattlemen, farmers, people who lived in the cities and wanted to go out and build a cabin on the land they bought. Can you say something about that?

Generally, the ones submitting the bids on land were those who had previously held the leases on the land, or neighbors living close where the land would fit into their livestock or farm operation, or if the tract of land were big enough, and by the way, no one was permitted to buy more than 320 acres at one time in one year. Of course, it wasn't hard to get around that, because a man could have a friend bid for him, even another member of his family could bid for him. So it was possible to accumulate 2,000 or 3,000 acres of land. It would be smart to enact a law that would eliminate that sort of thing. So, it wasn't an uncommon occurrence for someone entirely strange in the area to want to invest money in such land. Now statements have been made by many fellows that people came in from other states and made it rough on people within the State of Idaho. That happened in a case or two, yes. But the cases were very few. Land buyers were either residents of Idaho, or they lived in an adjacent state and had land in Idaho, or a livestock operation in Idaho which fit in very nicely with the state land that was being advertized for sale.

So, there weren't people coming in from New York or Chicago, and because they had money, taking land away from local people who didn't have money. In very few cases did that ever occur. However, it could occur, yes. But, we are a nation of United States. My attitude would be that one citizen of one state shouldn't feel to jeopardize or curtail the activities of another citizen of another state. How do we know but what any of us some day might want to move from Idaho into Utah, Arizona, or somewhere else. Wouldn't it be ridiculous if they made it impossible for such a thing to occur. So I believe in cooperation between states, uniformity of laws and uniformity of activities so far as possible. One state should not pass obstructive legislation against the citizens of other states.

This is one last question. How do you feel about the way in which the land board is being run today?

After I was released as a state land agent, I felt badly because I had submitted about 22 applications for land sales, and with each one of those applications went a legal description, a brief giving detailed facts of the land, a map taken from aerial photographs, showing the rocky points, the ridges, foliage, the better potential land to be developed for production. Twenty-two of these applications have been submitted to the Land Board, but the Land Board's complexion had changed. Instead of there being a majority of the membership belonging to the political party that I was known to belong to, it had changed to the opposite party. The opposite party took a most devastating attitude during the last, very few months of my administration by putting these applications on the shelf and refusing to process them, which made it rather embarrassing for me and the clients who had learned to respect and trust me.

end of tape.

April 23, 1982

Mother and I are sitting in her house in Ucon. The purpose of this recording on the tape is to obtain some of her history and highlights in her life.

Mother, would you give me your full name, when you born, where you were born, and then I'll ask you some questions to move us into the early part of your life.

My name is Melba Phyllis Brown Andrus. I was born January 4, 1906. I was born about 2 miles north of the townsite of Parker on our ranch which was an irrigated ranch and we also raised sheep.

Parker is a little west of St. Anthony, about four miles?

About five or six miles.

How settled was Parker when you lived there as a girl?

I don't recall, just what the population would be. Perhaps counting all the outlying area where they farmed, maybe the population would be around 350-500 people.

Was there still a lot of sage brush to be seen around Parker?

No. You had to go out north of Parker and west of Parker to find the sage brush. Our ranch which was two miles, as I said north of Parker, had a lot of sagebrush on the north, and it was real close to the sand hills. There was sage brush to the west. Some of the fields hadn't been farmed in those days very far west and just a few east of our ranch.

You are the first child in a family of how many children?

Four children. I was the oldest. My baby brother, Charles Milton was born in February 1908. In that summer he became very ill with what they called at that time "summer complaint." Babies got that quite often then. The medical world didn't have anything to combat it with, and many babies passed away. So he died in September 1908. It was a great disappointment to mother and father. I remember him very faintly. I remember when he was sick and playing outside. I can remember the day of his funeral and going to the cemetery with father and mother and the rest of the people who was at the funeral and remember the open grave.

I had two sisters, Therel and Wilma. Therel was born when I was eight years old and Wilma was born when I was eleven years old.

I was real happy when my sister Therel was born. I had quite a lonely childhood up to that point. I used to want to play with other children, and mother didn't want me to go away and play with other children. The children came to play with me. I was real happy when we had another baby. I helped my mother with Therel very much. I used to take her around the block in the summer time and take care of her. We had a baby buggy that I wheeled around the block and I loved taking care of her. Three years after we had another baby, Wilma. We were really happy to welcome her into the family too. She was born while father was away in Omaha. He had gone there with sheep in November, and she was born while he was gone. As I remember, he came back the evening after she was born.

Mother, would you describe grandma and grandpa for us. How do you remember them as a little girl?

Well, my father was a wonderful man to me. He took a lot of time with me. When out on the ranch when I was a real little girl and he was a real busy man cutting out sheep and keeping the farm going. I used to go with him every day. I would run almost as fast as he did when he was running to catch a sheep when he was cutting them out. We had a large barn and many sheep sheds out west of where the house was we lived in. I don't remember how large a herd father maintained at that time, but it was a large herd of sheep and we had many sheep sheds to keep care of the sheep. So I used to go out with him when he was out cutting the sheep out and putting them in the pens and places they needed to go. I tried to run as fast as my father did. I would go out in the fields with him. I remember one time in the summer time when Mormon crickets were so thick in one of our fields that you couldn't stand without stepping on top of them. I was frightened of them and I would go hopping along holding tight to father's hand trying not to step on them. When he was out turning water and irrigating, I went with him too. When I got thirsty, he would get a drink from the canal. We would drink out of his cupped hands or out of his hat. It doesn't sound very clean, but it tasted good to me to drink out of my father's hat.

I remember one time playing along the side of the canal, as a little girl. It had a large ant bed. I got in the ant bed and I stood and screamed and screamed until my mother came. I don't remember how she got the ants off me, but I was covered with them.

I remember your telling a story of how one of grandpa's sheep took after you one time and bunted you.

Yes, he bunted me on sort of a rocky hill that was on the barnyard side. He bunted me down the hill, and made me real dizzy. Father came and got me and



took me down to the house. That is the time we had a hired man. He and his family lived in the house that we had lived in when I was a real little girl. I sat

there on one of their chairs the biggest part of the afternoon trying to get over the dizziness that had been caused from bumping down that rocky hill.

I remember when I was a little larger, maybe about 11 or 12 years old, father used to take me out in the fields west of that ranch to gather up the sheep at night. It was the fall of the year when they were grazing off the farmland where grain had been raised. There was one sheep that had been a pet lamb. Whenever he saw me he'd run after me, and of course, I was afraid of him because I was afraid he was going to bunt me. So I watched for that sheep to come and when I saw him coming, I'd try and get around so I could jump on his back and ride him in with the rest of the sheep.

Okay, mother, will you describe for us what grandpa looked like.

He was average height, perhaps about five feet eight inches. He wasn't thin and he wasn't a fat man either. He was medium weight. He had a lot of dark brown hair and it was slightly wavy. He had bushy eyebrows. He was a healthy man. I don't ever remember him ever being sick. He had a finger that was all bent out of shape, in fact, I think when he was younger, he had broken it playing ball. He played on the ball team at the University of Utah. He was the catcher, and his brother George was the pitcher. They won many ball games for the university at this time. This time he broke his finger and it was never set, of course, so it was rather crooked.

Did he play baseball after he left the university?

He played baseball -- that is all I remember about father when he was younger and in his middle-aged years. He was the manager of the ball team in Parker and St. Anthony at one time. They had a regular ball team. If they ever lacked a player on the ball team, they'd always come and get father. He wouldn't be dressed in his ball suit, he would go sliding around that ball field in his best pants sometimes, but it didn't make any difference to him. He was at the height of his glory when he was playing ball.

If I remember correctly, you were telling me one time he was in the same class at the university with David O McKay?

Yes he was. They graduated at the same time. We have a picture of that graduating class. President McKay is in that picture.

Mother, will you tell us what grandpa's disposition was like.

He was an even tempered man. He always tried to get along without any quarrels or problems with anybody. I don't ever remember him swearing. If he did, it was out where he was working with the machinery, the horses, the sheep, wherever it was, but I don't ever recall him swearing around the home.

Did he ever argue with grandma that you know of?

No, if she said anything that aggravated him, he would start whistling and walk out of the house and out to the barnyard and try to end it that way.

Is there anything more you would like to say about grandpa?

Yes, I would like to tell about the times that grandpa helped me with arithmetic when I was struggling through grade school and high school with just common arithmetic and geometry and algebra. If it hadn't been for my father, I just wouldn't have made the grade. We had a session every night. I'd sit and cry, but he never did get real angry with me. He was a whiz at figures and working problems, and at one time he was a school teacher when he came to Parker, so he taught other boys and girls how to figure. He was real kind with me when he tried to get me to see the problems. I will always appreciate that.

Now, talk about grandma for a few minutes. First tell us what she looked like and talk about her disposition.

She was a rather tall, thin lady. She never was fleshy. She was always real thin. She was rather withdrawn and kind. When she spoke, we knew she meant business. I never disobeyed my mother because I didn't dare disobey her. I just want to say here that we three girls never did talk back to our mother or father. We did as they told us.

She liked to help people out with their problems. She was always giving the neighbors food. She was an excellent housekeeper. Everything was neat and clean. She was a good cook. She took good care of us three girls and father. Our clothing was always the very best, and we looked our very best wherever we went. She saw to it that we went to church, primary, sunday school, and when we grew a little older, and had positions in the church, she saw to it that we were always there to fulfill that position. I don't know if she held office in relief society, or if she was a sunday school teacher, or primary teacher. I don't know if they ever asked her. She was a good woman.

Mother, Grandma sure could make rootbeer. I remember the rootbeer she used to make and I would go up and stay a week with her and grandpa, and everyday about midway through the afternoon, she would pour me a glass of rootbeer and I would sit out on the landing drinking that rootbeer and think there was nothing better in the world than that.

Yes, and I just want to say here, too, that perhaps her grandchildren will remember her as an older woman. But my father, I've heard him say many times, "he married the prettiest girl in Draper." She was a nice looking young lady when she was young.

Mother, are your memories of home life happy memories?

I have happy memories of my home life. I've told some of the things that made me happy, reading books, going to school. I came home every day from school at noon to eat my lunch, and I never had to wait for my lunch. In fact, we never had to wait for any of our meals at home. We always had breakfast at a certain time, lunch at a certain time, only it was dinner then, and supper at a certain time. Father wasn't always there because he was so busy out doing work that sometimes he came in late, but it was always ready for us. Yes, I had a happy childhood. I had some good friends I grew up with. And I loved to play ball. We used to play ball. We played hopscotch, we played hide-and-seek, run sheep run. We used to clean out the raspberry patches every springtime and pile up all the dry wood from the raspberries and have a big bon fire and play run sheep run. We had a good time. As I said, I had some good friends I grew up with both boys and girls. Two of my very best girl friends were Portia Davis, Louie Larson, and they were tops. Louie is still alive and she lives in Wilmington, California. Portia passed away about eight or ten years ago, and she was a lovely friend too. Our Portia is named for her.

Are there any particular things that happened with these two friends you would like to talk about, maybe events that stand out in your mind?

There is one that stands out and it was when I was in the eighth grade. We used to take tests for our final tests graduating from the eighth grade that was made up by the . . . I don't know if they were made up by the county superintendent or whether they were made up by the state superintendent of public instruction. But all eighth graders had to take them throughout the whole State of Idaho. And our teachers did not grade them. It was the county superintendent who graded them . . . I think that's who it was. There were three people in the eighth grade when I graduated who were in line for the valedictorian address and the salutatory address. They were Louie Wade, one of my best girl friends, myself, and George Lavel Crapo. When the tests came back when the grades came back, Louie and

I both had the same grade average. it was a 98+ something, I can't remember. Lavel had a 97+. So it was up to us two girls who was going to give the valedictorian and salutatorian addresses. I think we drew cuts. Louie got the valedictory and I got the salutatory.

Do you remember your high school days in Parker with a lot of fond memories?

Very, very well

There was a high school in Parker at the time you went to school was there?

Yes. By the time I and my friends were ready for high school, they organized two years of high school there in Parker. It was very interesting at one of the meetings before they had it organized, my father asked me a few days before they had this important meeting of all the tax payers, if I would stand up and offer to see that the school house was cleaned that whole summer, without them having to pay to have it cleaned. He said that it would help a lot. So I did. I stood up in the meeting and told them I would organize a group of girls from the town and we would clean that whole school house that summer and they wouldn't have to pay us. That would save some toward getting the high school started. They accepted the challenge, and we did. I don't recall how many girls there were, but there was a large group of them that cleaned that whole school from top to bottom that summer. We did, we had a high school that fall with some good teachers. I had some fond memories of those teachers. There are three that stand out in my memory as super teachers and super people. One was Ann Clark. She was from Rexburg, and she later became the superintendent of public instruction of Fremont County. Another one was J. Austin Belnap. He was from a little town between Parker and Rexburg, but I don't remember the name of it right now. Another one was John Metcalf. He was a young fellow who came to teach school and he was a super teacher too. He was a veteran of World War I, and he was in some of the important battles in the world war over in France. I don't recall the important one that he fought in, but it was one of the important battles.

Tell us a little bit about World War I and what you remember about that. How did the war affect the people of Parker? Did they think we were doing the right thing when we entered the war or did they think we ought not to get involved in it? What do you remember about that?

I remember that patriotism ran high in those days all over America. Of course, I was just young then, 11 or 12 years old. But as I remember, people were glad that we went to help France. We really owed it to France. From when they came and helped us when we were trying to win our independence. Our neighbor boy from across the street from us went to France and he wrote me letters all the time he

was there. He was a lot older than I was, so it was interesting to get those letters from him. There were many of the young fellows from Parker who went to France. My father was just over the age that they couldn't draft him.

Patriotism did run high in our country during those years. At school, we knitted wash cloths to send to the soldiers in France. I don't remember what we made them out of, but we made rolled bandages to send. We used to write stories in school about being Red Cross nurses and the boys would write stories about being soldiers over there, it was very interesting.

Tell us a little bit about the economy during this period of time. Was there a lot of money to be had? Were there a lot of ways to make money, or was money pretty scarce? How did Grandma and Grandpa Brown fare during those days?

Well, during the war days, money didn't bother me much, but as I remember, the economy wasn't bad. My father always seemed to get along pretty well. He made quite well off the sheep, and the farm produce. Of course, mother never did any work outside the home.

Mother, can you remember any financially severe times during this period of time we are talking about now.

No, the time I remember most is during the 30's when we had that severe depression.

Are you talking about the Great Depression?

Yes.

When were you married in relation to the Great Depression?

We were married in 1929, just when it was beginning to start.

What stands out in your mind about the Great Depression and the life you and dad lived?

There just wasn't any money. We never did go to a store or clothing shop. We never went to a furniture store. The only place we went was to the grocery store and we didn't buy many groceries because we had to raise everything we ate. About the only thing people bought in those days, people down in the lower class, anyway, I suppose we were in the lower class, were things like baking powder, soda, soap, and a lot of people made their own soap. We even had a hard time paying doctor bills during those days. We had one or two doctors who were really



angry because we didn't pay our bill. We finally got them paid, but they just had to take it as we got it. I remember we had a big china mother pig, and she used to have 15 babies at a time.

The mother pig, as I said, had 15 babies one time, and she got infection. The little pigs couldn't eat from her. So, I mixed up some olive oil and alcohol, took a stick and wrapped a lot of cotton and gauze around it, and I used to massage her udder to see if I could get it better so her pigs could have nourishment again. She finally got better, but from all the time the pigs couldn't eat, I fed them with a bottle. Those pigs grew to be pretty big pigs, I guess you could call them wieners, and Reed had a chance to sell those pigs to a fellow here in Ucon, and he sold them for \$1.25 each. I was pretty upset because they were more than that to me after raising them like I did. You can tell exactly how much we didn't get out of some of the things we sold.

I guess dad needed the money pretty desperately in order to sell pigs at a price that cheap. Anything else you want to say about the Depression before we move on? I want you talk for a few minutes about your experiences at the shearing corral. You've told some stories about the times you spent at the shearing corral. Why don't you tell those again.

My father was in. . . he owned a shearing corral up at Pine Butte. Now Pine Butte is north of St. Anthony and east of Parker. I guess it must be 25 miles from Parker. I don't now, it probably is still desolate country, but it was then. Pine Butte got its name. . . there are two places up there that were active volcanoes at one time. One of them has a deep well down in the bottom with water. They've never been able to find the bottom of it. Someone put a pump on top and that is the way the shearing corral got its water from the deep well that what was once a volcano. They used to have to haul the water from a water wagon from the well to the cook house, and to the shearing pens. Another place up there that was a volcano at one time, in those days, and I suppose it is still that way, had tall pine trees growing from the very bottom of that place so you could just see the tips of them as you went up to the hill where it is. That is where Pine Butte Shearing corral got its name from. My father and J.J. Remington owned that shearing corral together, and of course, they sheared sheep up there every spring time. They would hire perhaps 25 shearers and come in there and shear sheep every spring. They would shear all day long, and they had to be fed morning, noon, and night, breakfast, lunch, and supper. So they had to hire a cook and helper. One year, father hired Emily Vaudery to be the cook. Now she was a very dear friend of ours, and she had a good sized family, but when I knew her best was when she only had a son and a daughter left. Her son went to high school when I did. Anyway she went up to the shearing corral that spring and I went along as her helper. I remember one morning she cooked 100 eggs to feed those shearers for

their breakfast. I used to peel the potatoes, and I had to peel an immense amount of potatoes. When we got through up there, and we were there two weeks. When I got home, the hand I had peeled the potatoes with was really brown, all stained from peeling so many potatoes. It felt like it was crippled.

There was a shack they called the cook shack, and they ate their meals in that shack and we had a bed in one corner and that is where we slept. At night you could hear the rats running back and forth along the rafters where we slept. But, we got along, and I think I was up there for about two weeks.

How did grandpa fair financially with the sheep?

Some years were good, some years weren't so good. Some years they got paid well for the sheep they took back to the Eastern markets, and the same with the wool that was taken off of them. Some times they got paid well for the wool, and sometimes it wasn't so good. He managed pretty well, in the year 1919 there was a drought. The hay didn't turn out so good. If I remember there was very little hay to be bought in this area. They had to take the sheep, and I don't remember how they took them. . . I don't think they trucked them down there. Maybe they trailed them part of the way down to the Twin Falls and Hagerman Valley so they would be able to have grass or hay to eat down there. They brought them back in the spring time. That was a set back for him. It was after that time he had to find another fellow to buy into his herd with him to save the sheep. The fellow that went in as partner with him in the sheep business was Bishop Miller Parker. It didn't work out so well because father wasn't happy with the way it was, but he finally sold all the sheep and went out of the business. It was at that time he . . . I don't know what to call him, guess he was road master of Fremont County. They built the roads in Fremont County and he was the one who had charge of it. He used to run potato sorting crews for the potato business which had grown into a pretty big business in Parker at that time. So that is the way he lived the latter part of his life.

Okay, now when you were talking about the shearing camp, I wanted to ask you, what did the shearers use to shear the sheep with? Did they use electric shears?

Let me think how they did that. There wasn't any electricity up there. They must have used gasoline engines. Yes, I know they did now. That is what furnished the power for them to shear with.

When did electricity come to Parker?

Electricity came to Parker in about, well it was earlier than 1920, but I don't remember the exact year. It could have been 1917. I remember the first night we

had electricity in Parker. It was right before the 4th of July. In fact it was the 3rd of July. They put red, white, and blue lights all across the main intersection of Parker, and when they lighted them, that really looked beautiful that night. We had lights in our homes that night for the first time from electricity. Prior to that time we used coal oil lamps and gasoline lamps.

How did you feel when the electric lights were turned on for the first time? Do you remember?

It was glorious. To see all those lights shining. It was the best we ever had. I remember we used to read by the light of a coal oil lamp.

You mention that grandpa possibly trailed the sheep from Parker to the Twin Falls area where they could get feed. Does this mean there were no railroads or does it mean he couldn't afford to ship them by the railroad?

Yes there were railroads, but I think they did it the cheapest way. They trailed them down there.

Do you remember when the railroad came into Parker?

Yes, I remember when the railroad came into Parker. That was about, between 1915 and 1917. It was a spur line that came from St. Anthony, and I don't remember when they put the rails and ties down, but they must have been several days doing that. I remember the day that cars came through. That was a wonderful day, especially for all us kids. It must have been during a school day and they let school out for us to watch it. From then on, that was the place where we played every time we had recess, we would go to the railroad track which was only about a half a block from where the school house was, and we would take pins with us and put on the railroad track and other things and wait for an engine to come along and make little trinkets after it passed over the nails or pins or whatever we put on the railroad tracks. That soon ended because the principal had a group of us that had been doing that up in his office one day, and he showed a strap he had there and said he would use it on us if we ever went down there during school again. So we couldn't go down to the railroad track anymore.

So did the coming of the railroad to Parker help the town out economically?

Oh yes. As I remember, it was after then that the potato industry started to flourish. They built a big warehouse and many potato pits along the track.

Let's talk for a minute about automobiles and trucks. Did grandpa own an automobile during the time when you were growing up?

The first ride I remember having in a car was when I was... 12 or 13. Some sheep men came out to talk with my father one day and they were in a car. That was the first car ride I had ever had. Father took me with him and we went for a car ride. That is the first time I remember ever being in a car. It must have been 1914-1915 before we had a car. Our first car was a second hand car. . . I don't remember. . . I think it was an oldsmobile. From that we went to a new Studebaker that father went to Salt Lake to get and it was a dark red, and it was a beautiful car, I thought. Our first cars were real cold to ride in during the winter time. Of course we didn't have a heating system. They weren't enclosed or glassed like they are now. They had curtains, made of imitation leather and then they had strips of eisinglass on them. It was sort of a plastic so you could see out. Just small strips. If the windshield got frozen over in the winter, you had to drive with your head out the side door, the door by the driver's side to see because we had no windshield wipers, we had no way of heating the cars to keep the windshield clear.

Did grandpa ever own a tractor?

No, he never. . .

Or a truck?

No.

You moved off the ranch then and moved into the village of Parker fairly early in your life. Is that right?

Yes, I was just a real little girl when we moved into Parker. Father hired a man and his family that lived out on the ranch and helped him. Every spring time father, mother, and I, and this was before Wilma was born, we would move back out there about March when they were lambing, or February, when the lambs were coming, and we lived in what we called the pump house. The pump house was just a two-roomed log house that was up north of the barn and up by the sheep sheds. It had a big gasoline engine in the one room, and that pumped all the water for the sheep and the horses. We lived in the other room, we lived there for about one month while they were having the lambing season. We had a bed, table, chairs, cupboard, and big heavy dishes and a camp stove while we lived there.

So, during most of the years when you grew up in Parker, you got around by means of horses, buggies, and wagons.

My father had two horses, they both pulled the buggy. There was one we called Nig and he pulled a buggy. He had a racing horse. Her name was Pet. She was a very high strung horse and no one could drive her but my father. She never did run away. She could make it from Parker over to St. Anthony over to the railroad depot in 19 minutes when she was pulling a buggy and 15 minutes when she was pulling a cutter. A cutter is a one-seated sleigh. Rather a fancy deal that people used to travel in and only one horse was needed to pull it. As I said, she was a high spirited horse, she never did run away, and father was the only one who could drive her. You couldn't put a saddle on her and ride her that way. She pulled a buggy or sleigh. The other horse, old Nig, we used to hitch him to the buggy, and he is the one that ran away when a friend of mother's and myself was going to town one day to take some raspberries. We had been picking raspberries all morning and some lady up in St. Anthony had bought them, so this lady was going to drive the horse and deliver the raspberries, and I was going with her. Her name was Leah Thompson and she was a very dear friend of ours. She and her husband had come from Missouri and lived in Parker and we were very dear friends. She had no children. As I say, we were taking old Nig to town to deliver the raspberries. On the way up he just got slower and slower so we stopped and got a switch off the side of the road from some willow trees. While she was over getting the switch, he must have heard her getting it and got afraid and started to run and I was in the buggy. He ran about a block going straight east toward St. Anthony and turned real quickly across a bridge and then turned real quickly again down the side of a ditch between the ditch and a fence. As he turned the second time, he threw me out into the wire fence and gooseberry briars that were there and ripped my arm. He just about ripped the whole arm off. There was just a little space at the top of the arm where they didn't have to stitch it. There were some people coming along the road with a horse and buggy and thought I was dead and they ran up quickly to pick me up, but I had crawled up by then and was standing there and my arm, of course, was bleeding really bad, and one of them went and called the doctor and he came down to my folk's place and stitched my injured arm.

Did it heal all right?

Yes, it healed real well. I had to go to school early in the fall with it all tied up like a broken arm, but it did. As I remember, the doctor put about ten stitches in it. That same horse ran away with my father one night when he was coming in from the ranch. The only way he got the horse stopped was to seesaw back and forth on the reigns and the horse started kicking and he kicked so hard he got his feet up on the dashboard of the buggy and couldn't go anywhere.

I guess that served him right then, didn't it? Okay, Mother, before we get into your married life, I wanted to ask you about weather patterns. Today you hear from a lot of people how the weather seems to be changing--its getting colder we're getting snow later on in the season, and they seem to worry a lot about this. Do you remember any times when you were growing up when the weather was very cold in the late spring or when you had snow when maybe you shouldn't have had it?

I don't remember it that way so much, but we used to have some severe winters. We had lots of snow in those years, much more snow than we have now. The snow used to be as high as the fence posts in the Parker and St. Anthony area. I remember it used to be so deep over at the school house, the fence over there had a 2x4 running along the very top so we could stand up on that. At recess times we used to stand on that 2x4 that was on top of the fence and dive down into the snow. That was great. We used to have snow until late in the spring, that kind of snow.

Would spring come all at once when it came, or did winter die out slowly?

As I remember, winter just died out. March was always a bad month for mud and snow and the water was running all over the roads with the melted snow. No, it was late going.

Did you ever have snow in the late spring or early summer?

Yes, I remember one time, the ladies had worked all day long freezing ice cream. We were going to celebrate the Fourth of July and we were going to have a celebration in Parker. The ladies had worked all day long freezing homemade ice cream. We couldn't go to the factories then and buy ice cream, we had to make our own. The next morning there was snow on the ground, the 4th of July. We didn't celebrate. An old gentlemen whose name was Donas Brower that lived not very far from us, said he'd go around and sell the ice cream for the ladies. I remember he went around saying, "come on now, buy some ice cream and give your tongue a sleigh ride."

Mother, for a few minutes now, I would like you to tell us how you came to Ucon. You were born and raised in Parker, went to school there, went to school in Rexburg at the Ricks Academy, now how did you get down here in Ucon?

Well after I went to school in Rexburg, the next fall and winter I taught in Egin. It was pleasant teaching there. I taught 3rd, 4th, and 5th grades. They were good children. Some of the boys in the fifth grade were almost as big as I was at that time. I remember one day I got really upset with one of the boys and tried to

shake him in his seat and I shook the whole row of kids. I didn't have any problems. They were good kids.

I will never forget one little incident. I had never been afraid of mice, but the kids didn't know that, the kids in Egin. When springtime came, they had been outside playing and found a mouse, some of the boys had, and they brought it in very quietly when I wasn't looking and put it in the top drawer of my desk. So after recess, I opened up the top drawer to get something and there was that mouse. I picked the mouse up by the tail and held him up in front of the kids, and you should have seen the looks on their faces. I said, "the one who put the mouse in the drawer, please come get it and throw it out." That didn't go over very big. I didn't want to teach there again, I wanted to get into a bigger school, and that was only a three teacher school. I enjoyed the other two teachers I taught with in Egin. One was a Mrs. Moon, she was a married woman, had no children, a very pleasant lady. She taught first and second grades. I had third, fourth, and fifth. The one who taught sixth, seventh, and eighth, was an older brother of my very dear friend, Portia Davis. I stayed at their home that winter in Egin. It was rather a lonely year, but as I say, it was pleasant teaching those kids. The next year I had a talk with Annie Clark, she was a former teacher of mine and was county superintendent at that time. She said, "well, why don't you send some letters to several school districts and maybe out of all you send, maybe you'll find one that needs a teacher. I sent one to Ucon. I knew nothing about Ucon except that a girl from the Parker area that I had worked with had taught down there that year. She taught first grade. Anne Clark said, "I don't know if they will answer your letter, I don't know if she has done such a good job, so maybe they don't want another one from Parker. I don't recall just when I sent those letters out to the school districts, but it must have been some time around January or February, because by the time early March came, I had received a letter back from a member of the school board in Ucon, Joseph Ritchey, telling me that he would like to meet with me. I had told them I taught the Gordon method of phonics. I think that is what got me my job. I had never taught phonics, the Gordon method, but I decided I could learn how if I got me a job. They had told me they would like to meet with me on a Sunday after their Sunday school let out in Ucon. They told me the time and place and everything, so my father brought me down on that Sunday and we got in Ucon just after they dismissed their Sunday school. I had known some people from Ucon at the college, Esther Davenport (we were very friendly and I had sung with her). I had known Sarah Andrus, Minnie Andrus, and I was very friendly with them. I had known Reed Andrus, just casually, so I wasn't a total stranger. The three school board trustees were there that day, Robert Andrus, Joseph Ritchie, and Alfred Cramer. Minnie was there that day because she played the organ for them to go to their classes and to sing. So she and I renewed our acquaintances again. She said her brother Reed had been in the mission field since the fall before. This was in the springtime, and he had been in the mission

field in the Netherlands since early fall. I met with those three gentlemen and I told them that if I got the job of teaching first grade in Ucon, I would go to the University of Utah that summer and take some special training, and that I would pay special attention to phonics.

Excuse me, mother, you mentioned the Gordon method of phonics. That means apparently there were more than one method of teaching phonics. Can you tell us a little bit about what some of these methods were. What was the Gordon method of phonics.

I can't tell the difference between them. This Gordon Company put out books at that time, first grade books, big phonic charts, to tell you the truth, I couldn't tell you anything different than the Gordon method of phonics. That's the only one I had anything to do with. It really worked.

Go ahead.

Now I received a letter soon after I had been down here that day telling me that I was hired to be the first grade teacher in Ucon. I was really elated, because I really wanted to get into first grade work. Well, I prepared to go to school in Salt Lake that summer at the University, and it was an enjoyable time. I stayed out in Sandy with the Crapo family and went in on the street car and back out again at night on the street car. There were some people there that summer I enjoyed taking classes from very much. There was a lady that taught a special reading course from back in Iowa or Ohio, I can't remember her name. I took a psychology class from a gentlemen that taught at the University at the time. He was a general authority. Especially all the young ladies wanted to take this class from him. I don't remember his name, but he was an excellent teacher. He used to come up when we had conference up in the valley, different stakes. He used to come and give addresses, and he was always well thought of and always drew a big congregation. I also took a swimming class. I took a girls glee class at that time, and that was enjoyable, singing with some of the ladies who were going to school at this time. It was this same summer, I think this was the same summer, that Linberg flew the Atlantic Ocean. That was interesting. We got to listen to him land in France through the wireless, or radio they had in the Tribune Office in Salt Lake City, and we would stand out on the street and listen to it. Anyway, we got to listen to him when he landed in France. Later that summer he flew into Salt Lake City out at the airport and scads of people went out there to watch him come in and they all went to the tabernacle in Salt Lake and listened to him talk. Grandpa and Grandma, Therel and Wilma came down to Salt Lake at that time and so we were together to go hear Lindberg speak, and then I came back home with them.

May 12, 1982

Once again I am in mother's home in Ucon, Idaho, interviewing her about her life. In our previous tape, we started the interview. We started the interview on April 23 and had another on April 28. In those 2 interviews, mother talked about her mother and father, about her brother and sisters, growing up in Parker, going to school there. She talked about a pet horse of hers, about the coming of the railroad to Parker. About electric lights and when they first came to Parker, about her first car ride, and about snow in July. She also talked about coming to Ucon for an interview to teach school here. She talked about how she went to the University of Utah the following summer to increase her education. Now, on this tape, we want to begin by having mother tell about her first year of teaching in Ucon Elementary School. Go ahead, mother.

I had arranged to stay at the home of Mrs. Lott that took the teachers at that time in Ucon. That year there was a gentlemen that stayed with her that was the principal of the school. A young woman from Utah that taught English in high school and I stayed there and Mary Simmons who was the wife of Dan Simmons at that time, and he was fulfilling a mission in Holland. There were four of us that stayed there in that home. I stayed there each year that I taught before I was married. During that time, there were two other ladies that stayed there. The young girl from Idaho Falls, Twila Kinghorn, a very lovely girl, and Mabel Christensen from Firth who taught in the school at Ucon. Lavel Crapo from Parker stayed there the first year I stayed there too. He taught one of the grades in the school.

When I first entered the school, I could tell it was a well disciplined school. The children were well behaved, very well behaved. I liked the people of Ucon and the Ucon ward. They were a very friendly, good people. I liked teaching the first grade. As I remember, I had about 20-25 children the first year I taught, and it was pleasant teaching children phonics, reading, and teaching them to read. When children came the first day of school, some of them didn't know which was the right hand. They didn't know which hand to hold the scissors in, they didn't know how to use scissors. They didn't know how to use pencils, some of them. Children now- a-days are much more ready for school than they were in those days. The T.V. has helped educate children and get them ready for school and so has the kindergarten program they've had in the schools of Idaho. As I say, those children, there was a lot they had to learn before they could read.

We did programs that year in school. It was very pleasant teaching the children to sing. I think that was the year we put on a little operetta in the springtime called "The Kitchen Clock." We used all the children of the school. The older children sang special solos. I was the one who directed the singing and Mary

Simmons did the playing. She was a good accompanist.

Mother, did you start a rhythm band in Ucon?

Yes, but it wasn't that first year. It must have been the second year because... In Snake River Valley, a lady came from St. Anthony. Her name was Bell George Wood. She taught piano lessons and vocal lessons. She came to Ucon to teach and I think it was the second year I taught here. She asked me if I would like to help her organize a rhythm band in the school. I hadn't ever done anything like that, and yes I was real excited about it. When you teach children to play in rhythm bands, you have little instruments like tapping sticks, triangles, drums, little bells that shake to help with the rhythm and sound. There isn't any tune to it, just rhythm. So Bell George showed me how to make instruments. We made tapping sticks out of chair rounds, I think it was. We took little boards about four inches long and an inch and a half wide and put sand paper on them and it made . . . they scrape back and forth to make a sound along with the tapping sticks rhythm. We bought a drum and some triangles, and bells. She helped me organize a rhythm band and showed me how to do it.

Mother, I remember when I was in the second grade, I was a member of the rhythm band. I think that band was started by Aunt Beulah and Dorothy Seedall. I remember I played the drums in it. Now, did Ucon have a rhythm band after you quit teaching and before Aunt Beulah came along?

Not that I can recall. I just remember when Aunt Beulah and Dorothy had the rhythm band, and it was an excellent band. You were the little drummer boy for them. They made little costumes and they had little red and white capes and hats.

Mother, you said before Aunt Sarah had something to do with the rhythm band. Is that right?

Yes, when Aunt Sarah taught in the lower grades, she helped with the rhythm band too. She and Aunt Beulah had a rhythm band for several years.

Okay, now how many years did you teach in the elementary grades in Ucon.

As near as I can remember, I taught four or five years in Ucon.

Did you teach any other grade?

No, not in Ucon. I did a lot of substitute work up in high school here, but I just taught first grade when I was a regular teacher.

Why did you quit teaching? Were you married when you quit teaching?

Yes, my last year was two years after I was married and you were born the next December. My certificate had run out so I couldn't teach anymore.

Why don't you go ahead and tell how you met dad, how he proposed to you, and any other circumstances you want to talk about surrounding your marriage.

As I said when I first came to Ucon to get this school, they had told me that Sarah and Minnie's brother Reed had been called on a mission to the Netherlands. He was there three years. He came home in the year 1928 in the springtime. The girls that stayed at Mrs. Lott's where I stayed had kidded me that my first date would be with Reed Andrus when he came home. I just laughed about that. I had known him up at school and we were friendly, but I never went to the dances at school. I knew he was very popular at the dances up there and he won several prizes with dancing. He loved to dance, so I didn't think he would be paying any attention to me when he came home. So, we had a little bet over at Mrs. Lotts, they bet me a box of candy that his first date would be with me when he came home.

I had had mumps that springtime in March, and so I was out of school for two weeks. They didn't hire another teacher, they just dismissed the first grade until I got over the mumps. Then I went back to teaching again. I stayed over at Mrs. Lotts for the first ten days and then I went home up to Parker to stay until the swelling went down and I got over the mumps. I came back on a Sunday morning. That afternoon I was called to the telephone, and it was the new missionary, Reed Andrus, asking me if I would go to Church with him that night. So I lost the bet. We went to Church together and went into Idaho Falls after church because he wanted to see President Hatch, Dr. Hatch. Dr. Hatch had been over to Europe while Elder Andrus was in the mission field and they were good friends so he went in to have a visit with Dr. Hatch. I called him President Hatch because he was later made the President of the Idaho Falls Stake. That was very pleasant going in there and visiting with him.

We had some more dates after that, and school let out in April in those days in Ucon. He took me home the afternoon, it was a Sunday afternoon that I . . . it was a Sunday afternoon we went up to Parker and that was when school was out. I stayed in Parker and he came back. I had to come back to sing in the Ucon choir for a stake conference in May. As I remember, I had a solo part that time, and I came on the train. Now, Reed had been staying with the sheep after they took the sheep to the hills, he had been staying with the sheep so I didn't think I would see him. But who should be at the depot down here to meet the train but Reed Andrus. I went to Mrs. Lotts to stay that night and the next day and then we



went to Idaho Falls to conference. We sang at conference and he took me home Sunday afternoon. I didn't see him again until. . . I think the 24th of July, and I stayed at the Andrus home. We went to the parade, and we went to the fireworks that night and he took me clear to Parker after the fireworks. I think he didn't get home until two or three o'clock that next morning.

What did you think of him?

I thought he was a very fine fellow. He was very courteous, a real gentlemen, and that is the kind of fellow I had always thought would be really nice to have for your sweetheart.

So you were impressed?

Yes.

Did you hope he would ask you to marry him?

I didn't think about that part, I was just anxious to have more dates with him.

So, how much time elapsed between when he took you to Parker that night and your next date? Do you remember?

Well, I had been having serious problems with tonsils and it was beginning to affect my ears. So the doctor said I should have them out. Reed knew I was going to have my tonsils out and he would get in touch with me. But I didn't hear from him anymore. School started in September again and I still hadn't heard from him. He hadn't written. He had written the forepart of the summer, but he didn't write after I had seen him on the 24th. So I supposed he had found some other girls to go with and I just decided that was off.

You wrote him off at that point.

Yes. I came down to school on a Friday, as I remember, so I could get the school room all ready to start on Monday morning. I remember Mrs. Lott asking me if I had seen Reed. I said I hadn't seen him. She knew I hadn't seen him because she knew that he had been going with some other girls around here. I think she was trying to find out if I felt bad. She didn't find out. Cause I acted like it didn't matter to me.

There was a dance that Friday night in the old hall which was across the street from where our home is. So Mabel Christensen and Athene Lott, and I were going

to go to the dance. We got ready and were all ready to go and a telephone call came. It was from Reed Andrus and he wanted to know if he could come and take me to the dance. The girls went on to the dance and we went home together. He asked me what I had thought why he had never come back up to Parker and written. I acted very unconcerned about it. I didn't want him to know I had really been hurt. I just said, "Oh, I suppose you found somebody else, and it doesn't matter to me."

What did he say to that?

I don't recall now, but I didn't let him know it had hurt me very much. Yes, he had gone with some other girls, and his folks had said something to him about the way he was treating me, but he had a mind of his own, so he worked it out for himself. Anyway, we went together from then on. In October, he gave me a ring. That was rather a funny affair too. He gave me one ring, it was out in the car and I looked at it, and it didn't impress me very much. Then he started to laugh. That was the one he had gotten at the five and ten cent store. Then he gave me the real one. It was a really pretty one.

Were you put out with him because he pulled that trick on you?

No, not really, that really was funny. I kept that ring for a long long time, but one of the children took it one time and lost it. I would have liked to kept that ring because it just brought back those memories.

By that ring, you mean the ring he bought at the five and dime store?

Yes, the five and ten store ring. Yes, I might say we go back a little ways. In the springtime before school let out, we had walked home from a program they had at the church one night. We walked up to the twin bridges up close to where Howard's house was then. They've changed that quite a lot now. There used to be two bridges there, one going over the channel as you go north, and one going over the channel as you go west. They've changed that now. So there is only one bridge as I recall. It was up there on that bridge that I got my first kiss from Reed Andrus. Then that night, we were together on the 24th, was when he asked me to marry him. Then it was after that he got all mixed up and didn't see me anymore.

And so it was after he had asked you to marry him, but during the time he was no longer seeing you, that his folks got after him about the way he was treating you. Do you know what they said to him, in effect?



I don't remember what it was. They were really concerned.

Okay, then you came back. He took you to the dance, and after that date at the dance, you continued to see each other and go with each other. Then it was in October he gave you the ring.

Yes.

Okay, you were married the following spring?

Yes, but he wanted to get married at Christmas. He said, well, alright then, if I was going to be like that, he would go join the army. I said, alright, if you would rather join the army than get married, you go join the army. I guess he knew I meant business and he let it go. He took care of his father's sheep down in the Jensen field west of Ucon all that winter, and it was a hard winter. There was much snow and we were snowed in much of the winter. A car couldn't get between this area here and Ucon all winter. They tried to keep the one road open into Idaho Falls and it was just like a tunnel. The snow was so deep it stood higher than the cars on either side of the highway. But, each time he came into Ucon, he had to come on the horse. There was no traveling between Ucon and west of Ucon where the sheep were in the field.

Did you see him very much that winter?

Some, not very much.

So when were you married, mother?

There was something interesting in between this. During the time we were going together, Mr. Osland who was the principal over here in Ucon during those years, he and his wife, he married the gal from Heber City, Utah who stayed over at Mrs. Lotts. Her name was Della. He had married Della and they did several plays for the ward of Ucon that year. They did Pollyanna. I was Pollyanna in the play and Reed Andrus was Mr. Chilton. He had a major part in it too, if you have read Pollyanna. The kids got a kick out of that, because both of us played in the same play together. Douglas Andrus was Jimmy, the little boy in the play. He and I had major parts, and he made a good Jimmy.

Okay, when were you married?

We were married the 29th of May, 1929 in the Salt Lake Temple. No one went down with us to the temple, we went alone. That was something else that was



kind of funny. Reed said he would come up and go with me to get the recommend from the stake presidency. I was to go on a Sunday so he said he'd come up and go with me. Well, he didn't come, so I went alone and got the recommend.

He was supposed to come about noon, between 11:00 and noon on a Thursday. He said he'd be up to get me on Thursday about noon for us to go to Salt Lake. I got ready and he didn't come. It must have been 1:30 or 2:00 before he got up there. I just supposed he had decided he didn't want to get married, and that is exactly what happened to him. He got all worried, excited, and upset and wondered if he should get married. He didn't come up when he said he would. His folks got really upset with him. I don't know what they said to him, but they really got down to business with him and told him he had better get up and make up his mind whether he was going to get married or not.

And if he wasn't, then he had better tell you.

Yes, but anyway, he came, and we came down to Ucon. I think we finally got off about three o'clock to go to Salt Lake. It must have been earlier than that though, because we got down there just in time to go to the city and county building to get our license. We couldn't have gotten married the next day. We travelled out to Sandy, that is where we stayed with my Aunt and Uncle, Charles and Aunt Lizzie Crapo.

So you were married the next day, which was a Friday. I remember dad telling us a story about how he needed some money and didn't have any money. He had a check but didn't have it cashed and he met someone who loaned him some money. What did he need the money for? Did you remember anything about that?

Yes, he had to have money to get clothing with at the temple that morning. I knew nothing about it. I had money, not a great lot, but I had some but I could have helped out. His father had given him a check and we got in town too late for him to get it cashed that Thursday afternoon. We had Howard's car, and it didn't act very good. When it would get on the pavement, it would shimmy, the front wheels would just shimmy. It was very embarrassing for me. Anyway, we finally got into town that morning. The car stopped out on 9th South. It just wouldn't go anymore. The battery dropped out of it. There we were clear out on 9th South with my two aunts with us, and we were right by a garage though, so they got the garage man to drag the car into the garage and we got out and caught a street car into Salt Lake. He didn't have this check cashed. So we got out of the street car and we were walking toward the temple and he saw a school friend of his, Willard Dye, from Idaho Falls. He was a missionary and they were going to the temple that morning. So he asked Willard if he had some change, if he would loan him enough money and he would see him afterwards and pay him. I didn't know



anything about this. Willard gave Reed Andrus the money to go to the temple that morning, and we got through the temple and my aunts and myself waited in the ZCMI while dad went out to 9th South and got the car. It was fixed. He came and got us and he went to the mission home and gave Willard Dye some money. We traveled on out to Sandy.

What did you think of all this? Did you wonder what you had gotten yourself into?

I don't know what my feelings were, really. I was a little disappointed in things yes. When he came to get me that day at home before we started for Salt Lake, he had on an old red sweater. It wasn't a very handsome sweater and he hadn't even shaved. His whiskers weren't long, but then he didn't look really smart.

Didn't look like he was spruced up to go to the temple.

When we got down to Ucon, he shaved his face and got all fixed up. That must have been the way he felt.

How did you get along with Grandma and Grandpa Andrus.

Real well.

What are your thoughts about Grandma Andrus? I know she used to take care of you before you went to the hospital to have your children. You spent a lot of time in her house. What kind of a lady was she?

She was a very religious lady and she had a lot of faith. I think that lady lived by faith.

Mother, lets talk for a few minutes about Grandma Andrus and all the faith you say she had and some of the spiritual experiences that came to her because of that faith. I've had a number of people in the community tell me how she spoke in tongues on more than one occasion. Do you remember her speaking in tongues?

Yes, I remember three different times when I heard her speak in tongues. This came to grandma after the death of their baby whose name was Rex. I don't remember how old he was, just a couple of months old. It could have been what we call crib death now. They never did really know. He died in the night when they were asleep. She had him in bed with her. She had a hard time making herself feel alright that that baby went that way. I'm not sure about all the details

the night this came to grandmother, but it is in her history. If I don't tell it exactly right, you can find it in her history. She and grandfather were on their way home from the church that was built over here on the corner where Robert and Jean's house sets now. They were halfway between the church and their home and he said there was a beautiful light that hung over grandmother. I don't know whether they heard a voice, they must have done, it will be in grandma's history, but it was at that time the power of the speaking of tongues was given to grandmother, and grandfather witnessed it. I heard her speak three different times, one was in relief society meeting, and the other two was when she spoke in sacrament meeting. Each time I ever heard her do that, there was a stillness in that church house that you can't believe. I can't remember what she said when she spoke in tongues now, but it had to do with the children of that day and the problems of the day. She would be bearing her testimony and then all of a sudden she would raise her arms high above her head and she would start speaking in tongues. After that was over with, she would translate it, tell the audience what she said. I never had such a different feeling in all my life than I did those three times we heard her speak in tongues.

Mother, did this take a lot of her energy.

Yes, I recall how she looked and felt after each time. It must have taken a lot of energy from her body because she seemed like she was real weak and all used up.

Did she ever talk about these experiences to you?

No, never.

How did it affect the community?

Well, I never did hear anybody say anything, but I'm sure they had a lot of different feelings in those sacrament meetings because of the way I felt. I knew how I felt. You just felt like you've been real close to Heavenly Father, and something very spiritual.

The first time you heard grandma speak in tongues, did you ever have any question in your mind about what was happening, or did you know immediately?

No, I knew immediately, the way she would look and the way she would raise her hands and the way she spoke.

How many of her children heard her speak in tongues, or do you know that?

I don't know, but I'm sure all of them... they all went to church, so I'm sure they

heard her each time she spoke in church. Now she didn't do this real often. As I say, I heard her. . . in the length of time I lived here, I only heard her three times and one of those was in relief society meeting where there were just a few sisters there.

I'm just curious. Was there anyone else in the community who spoke in tongues?

No, not that I remember.

Did Grandma Andrus have any other kinds of spiritual experiences that you remember that we ought to mention on tape?

Yes, I would like to mention the times that she gave blessings. . . she would wash and anoint, along with the help of another sister, people who were planning on going to the hospital to have surgery done, or expecting to give birth to a child. Now, in the early days, there were sisters set apart for this particular ordinance. Many of the sisters were set apart to do this to bless them before they went to the hospital to have their baby, or if they didn't go to the hospital, if they just had their baby at home, which they did real often in those days. There were three sisters I remember, there may have been more, but I know of three sisters who had been set apart for this ordinance. One was grandmother, one was her sister Annie, Heber Andrus's wife, and the other one was Sister Susan Lot, and this is Athene Lot's mother.

You say they were set apart to wash and anoint.

Yes, after the washing and anointing, she would give them a special blessing, and it was those times that I remember most because, you could tell it was a spiritual experience, and grandmother would put her arms up and hands high in the air, and would pronounce a blessing upon the person's head that had asked for the blessing.

Did she ever bless you?

Every time I had a child, grandmother gave me a blessing. We never had any problems, everything went normal each time a baby was born, and every one of those babies was born well and strong, both in body and mind, and she gave some wonderful blessings about those babies.

How did the blessings make you feel?

Like you had really had a spiritual experience, like you had been in the company of something that wasn't earthly.

Did you ever fear going to the hospital after having received a blessing?

No, I never feared going, because of the wonderful blessings she gave.

When she would give you these blessings, were you alone or would dad be with you?

No, no, the only three who would be there would be the two sisters that did the washing and anointing ordinance and the one they were giving the blessing to. Grandmother was the one who always gave the blessing.

Then, would you say that was another special gift she had?

Yes, I'm sure of it.

Didn't she serve as a Relief Society president in the ward?

She served for many years. I don't recall how many years she served, Aunt Dot was her counselor for a long time. Sister Pearl Ritchy was a counselor for a long time. Ruth Ritchey's mother, I don't recall her name right now, she served in that

Relief Society. I don't know if she served as a counselor or if she was the secretary.

Now, this was before they had easy access to funeral homes. Did grandma ever have to lay out the bodies and prepare them for burial?

Yes, they used to wash the bodies and see that they were laid out in. . . I don't know exactly how they did it, and they were clothed. That was before they embalmed bodies. I think the first funeral home that was here in Idaho Falls was Dinwoody Mortuary, and Jack Wood bought the business in 1925 from Dinwoody's widow.

Do you remember any other spiritual experiences we ought to mention while we are talking about grandma?

None, other than administrations. Grandfather used to come over when dad wasn't home and administer to sick children when we had the flu. I would like to mention when Alyn was so sick when he was a baby, maybe 14-15 months old, maybe not that old, a little over a year old. I knelt down one time and promised my Heavenly Father that I would never turn down anything I was asked to do that would help build up the kingdom of Heavenly Father and anything in the church. I would never turn it down if he would bless that baby and make him strong

again. That was certainly carried out for us.

Mother, this leads us into the next question or two I wanted to ask you. Have you had any spiritual experiences that you would like to talk about?

None, other than administrations that were given to my mother up in our home when she used to have really bad sick headaches and she would go numb through her hands, arms, and legs. I used to call the Elders and have them come and administer to mother. And... that really helped her.

I remember your talking about a dream you had involving Grandpa Andrus and Gordon. Do you want to talk about that?

That was one or two months after Gordon had left us. We just couldn't reconcile ourselves that being as young as he was that he was really happy. It was getting close to Christmas time, and I was really upset about him not being here.

Let me ask some questions to help identify who Gordon was and what happened. Gordon was your second boy and third child. He was killed when he was ten years old and that was in August of what year?

1946. August 17, 1946.

Now, you said that you and dad weren't satisfied that Gordon was happy where he was after he died. Do you want to talk about that and what led up to that dream that you had?

The one thing that made us feel much better was when we went to the temple in November of that year 1946, and had Gordon's work done for him, and gave him all the powers of the priesthood. We felt better about that. Then just before Christmas of that year, I dreamed one night that I was in a big building. As I was walking around, it was a beautiful building, I met Grandfather Andrus. He said, "come in this room and wait for a few minutes. I want to talk to you." We went in the room and the first thing I asked him was "Have you seen Gordon." He said, "yes." I said, "Is Gordon happy?" and he said, "He is very happy." That is all that was said, but it really helped. I told dad about it, and it made him feel much better too.

So you had the dream in November following the...

No, it was closer to Christmas time, but it was in November when we had the work done in the temple.

Okay, I see. Well, lets talk a little more about Gordon's death. You have indicated to me that you and others in the family had a premonition that someone was going to die, or something bad was going to happen before Gordon died. Is that right?

Yes, a few nights before this happened, I was here, everyone had gone to bed. I was sitting here in the living room. . . I don't recall what I was doing, but I just got to thinking, and I don't know if it was imagination, or if it was something that was trying to warn me, but I seemed to see the casket in the south end of this room. I never did know who was in it, but there was a casket over there. All day Saturday. . . it was a Saturday he was killed. I was really upset. I just didn't feel normal. I kept feeling that I had to get hurrying and get this done and hurry and get something else done. Grandma Brown said she felt like she felt someone was in her presence in her home all day long in her home. Uncle Tom said the same thing. He said he felt like someone was in his home with him, someone that not of his family, but he said he felt a lot different that whole day.

After Gordon died, did these feelings come to have more meaning to you?

Yes, I think so. I guess we sort of felt like it was just to be that way, that Gordon . . . Dad had a hard time with himself. He could be sitting in meetings, he was a county commissioner at that time, he would be sitting in a county commissioners meeting, and all of a sudden it would hit him... he just couldn't contain himself. He had to excuse himself and get out of the room. He was in Boise that winter.

He said he would be sitting in the meetings in Boise, not in a session, but meeting with groups. . . .

Committee Meetings. . . ?

Committee meetings, and it would hit him and he would have to excuse himself and get out of there. He had a difficult time for several years afterwards, trying to make himself know it wasn't his fault and it was to be.

Now, mother, we don't have a lot of tape left, and before we bring this interview to an end, your children and your grandchildren would like to hear some concluding remarks, perhaps your testimony, if you would care to bear your testimony to them.

I would like to say I've had a happy life. It hasn't been a life of a lot of riches and a lot of fancy things, but it has been a good life. I felt all my life when I was a little girl growing up and in my teens, that my Heavenly Father was close to me. I remember when I was teaching school the first winter I taught in Egin, I used to

ask my Heavenly Father every morning before I went to school that he would bless me and help me through the day. I used to take part on a lot of programs up in St. Anthony and Parker area, and when I came to Ucon to teach, I was in a lot of programs around in this area in Ucon and in Idaho Falls and in the Rexburg area when I was going to school up there. I never performed at any program but what I asked my Heavenly Father to bless me and help me to do my very best. I remember singing.... I had been asked to sing at a nominating convention at the Tabernacle in St. Anthony, the time they were nominating C. Ben Ross to run on the Democratic ticket for governor. That is the way they used to do it instead of having primary elections. I sang, Idaho, my Idaho, at that convention at that time, and I got a lot of praise from it, and that is one time I asked my Heavenly Father to bless me and help me to do my very best. I love all of the sons and daughters that we have, and their wives, and their husbands and all my grandchildren. I want them to know that I love each of them, and they have made my life a good life. Especially since their grandfather and my husband passed away, they have done their best to help me overcome my loneliness and help me through many days. I want you all to know I love you very much, and I know my Heavenly Father lives, that he does have a body tangible as man's, and that Jesus Christ is his son, and he is our Redeemer, and our Savior, and our Mediator. I know there is a spirit of the Holy Ghost and that he does help us. I know many times when I felt his presence and he has helped me. I say this. . . I want you to know the Church is true. That Joseph Smith is a true prophet of God and I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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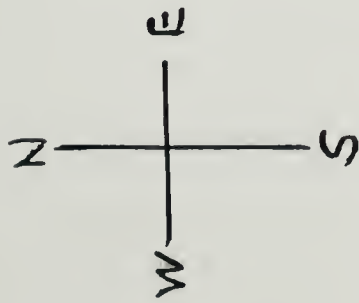
APPENDIX MATERIAL

Maps

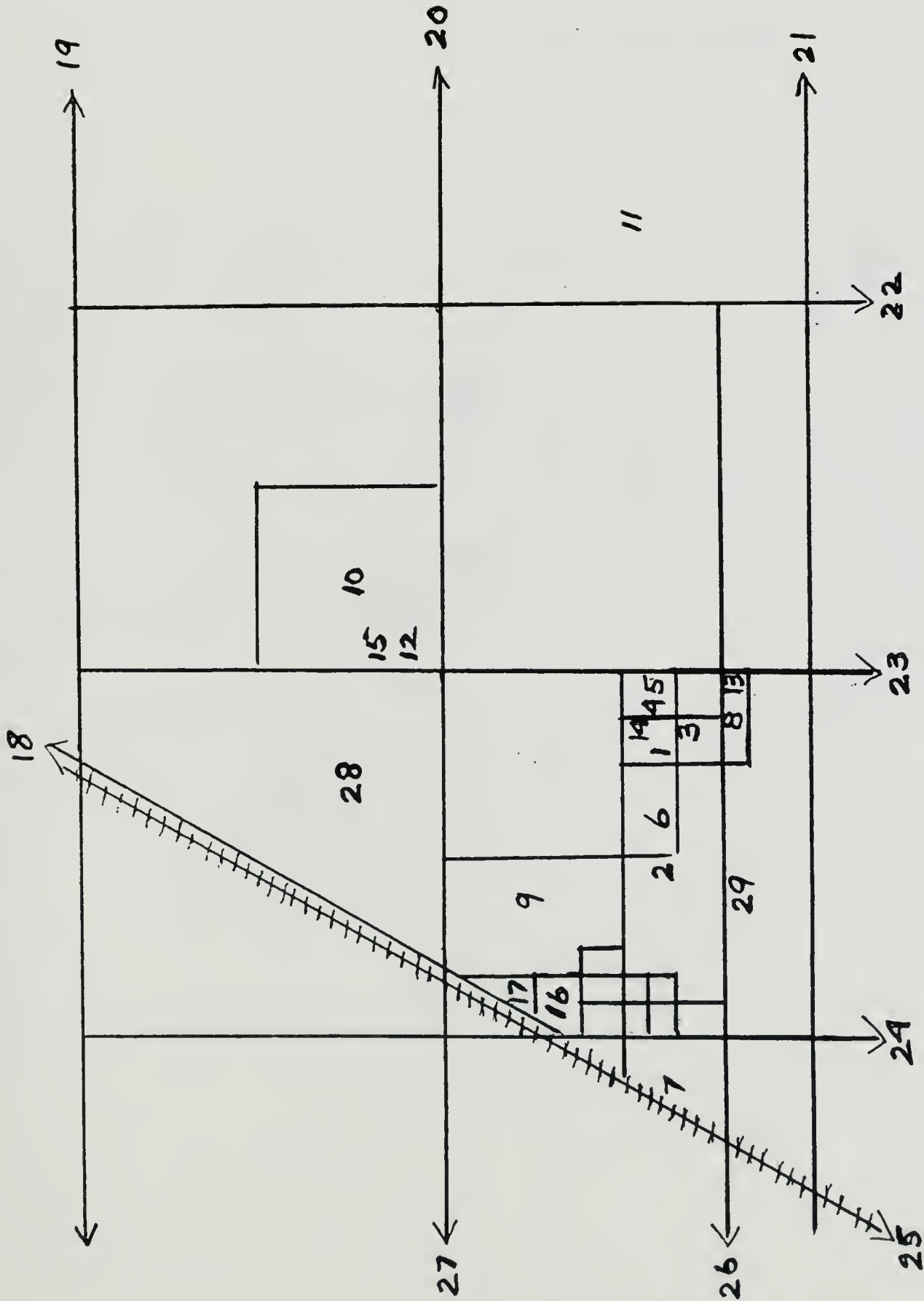
1. Ucon
2. The Netherlands
3. Parker
4. Idaho

Genealogical Charts

1. The Andruses
2. The Browns

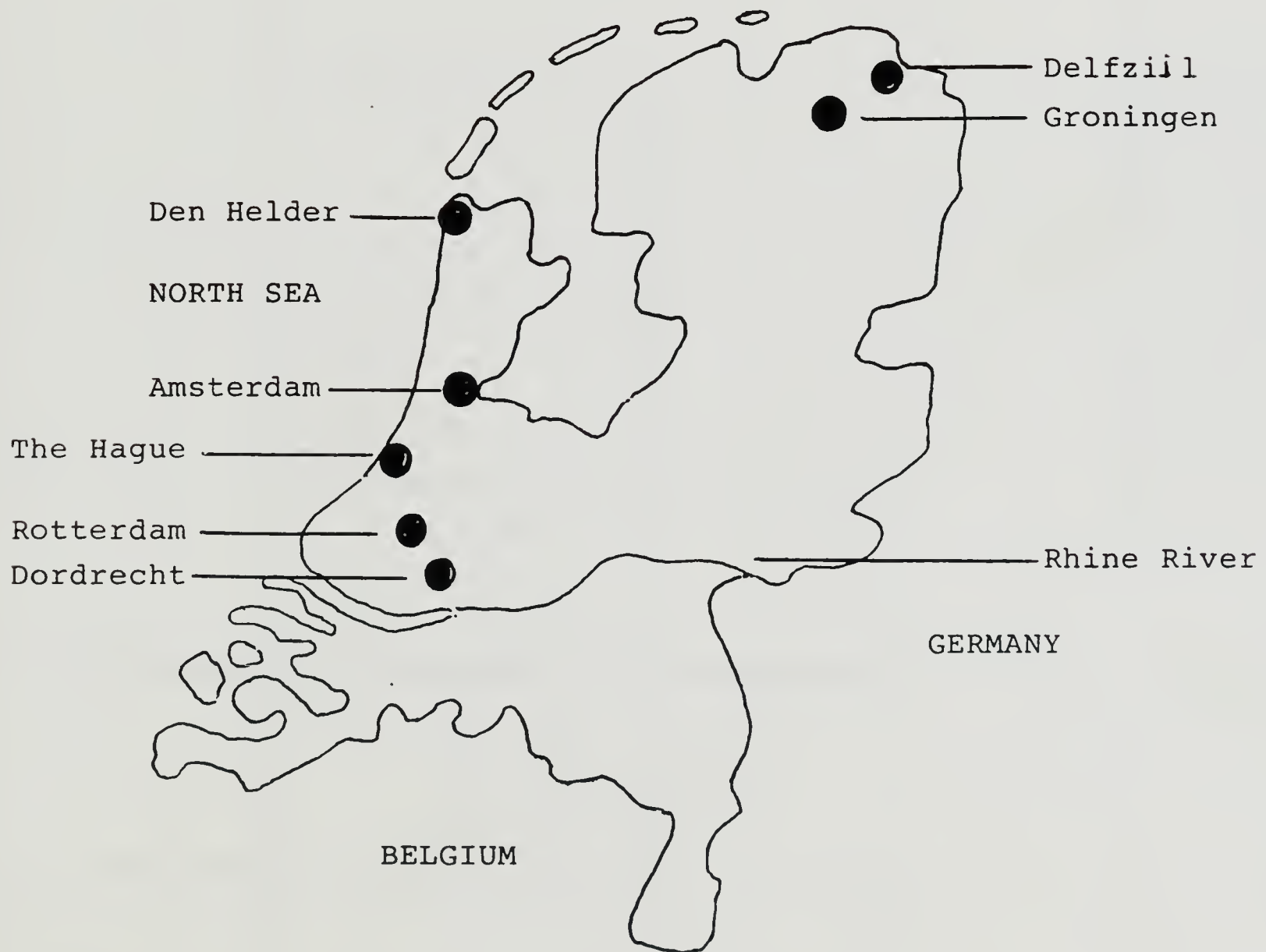


UCON AREA

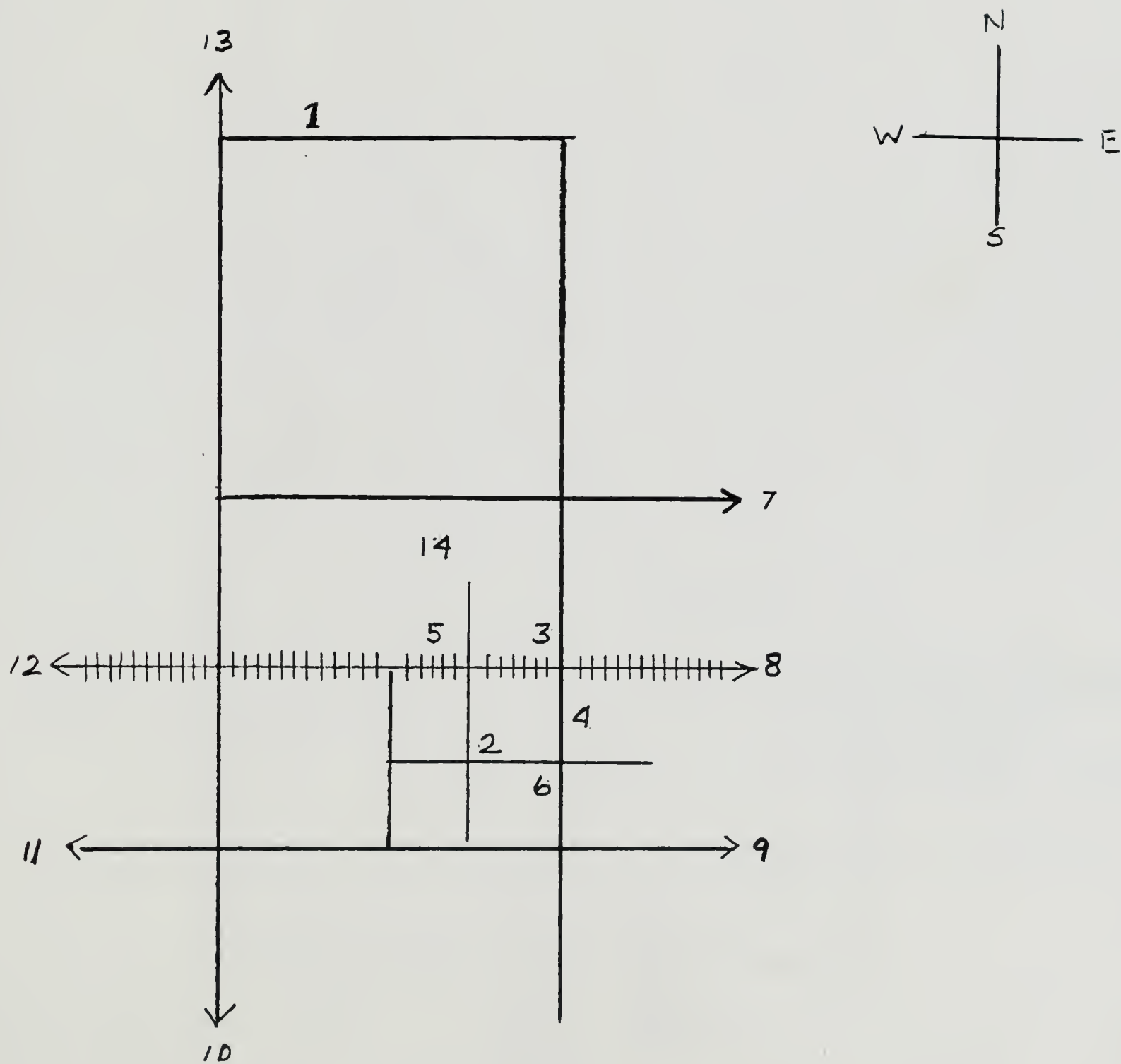


- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Robert Andrus | 20 To Milo |
| 2 Heber Andrus | 21 To Ririe Hiway |
| 3 Original School | 22 To Iona |
| 4 Dance Hall | 23 Crowley Road to Iona |
| 5 Lott's Boarding House | 24 To Idaho Falls/Ammon |
| 6 High School | 25 To Idaho Falls |
| 7 Tram Depot | 26 To Fairview |
| 8 South Field | 27 To Coltman |
| 9 North Field | 28 Sage brush Area |
| | 29 Cemetery |

THE NETHERLANDS

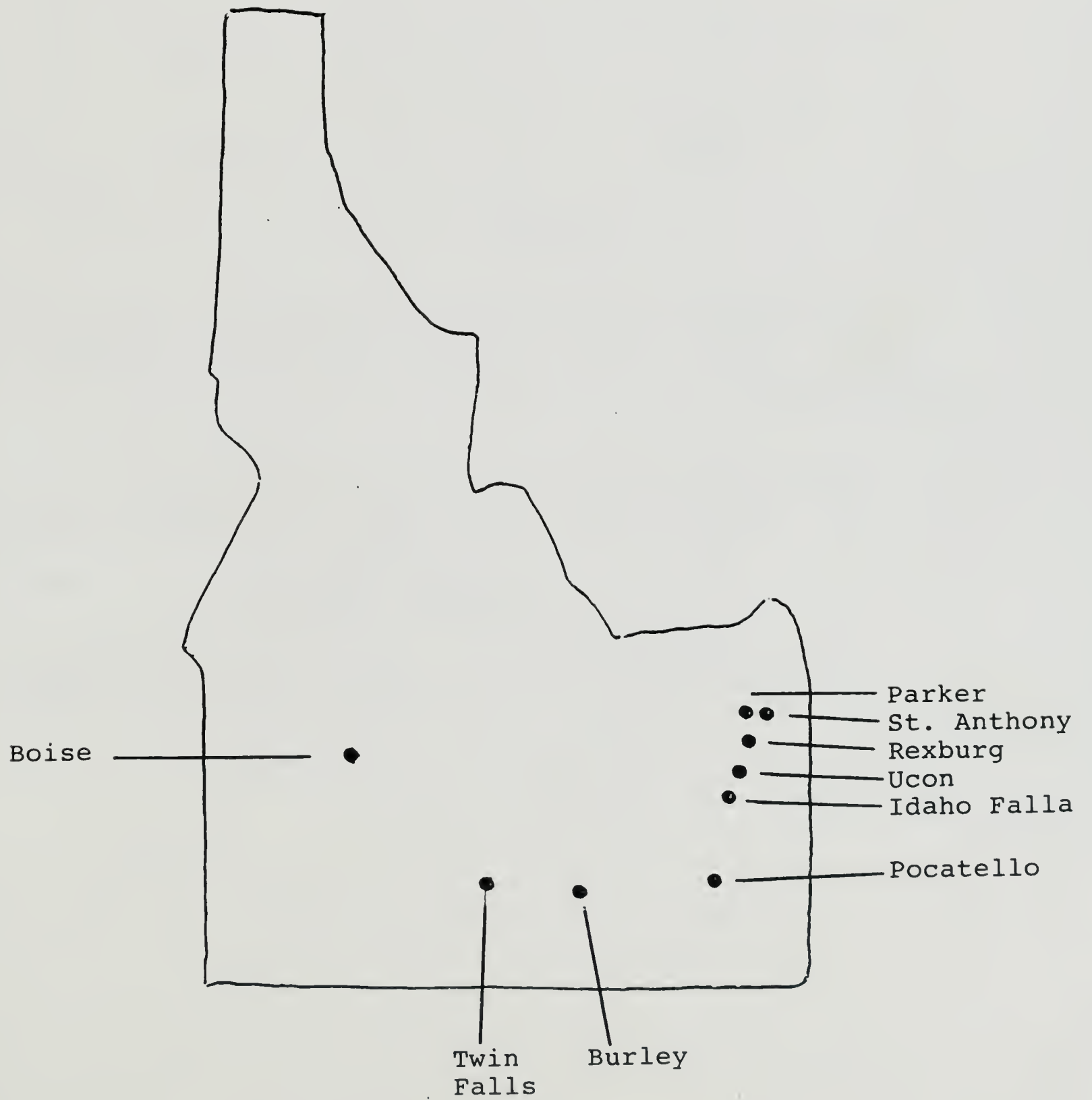


PARKER AREA

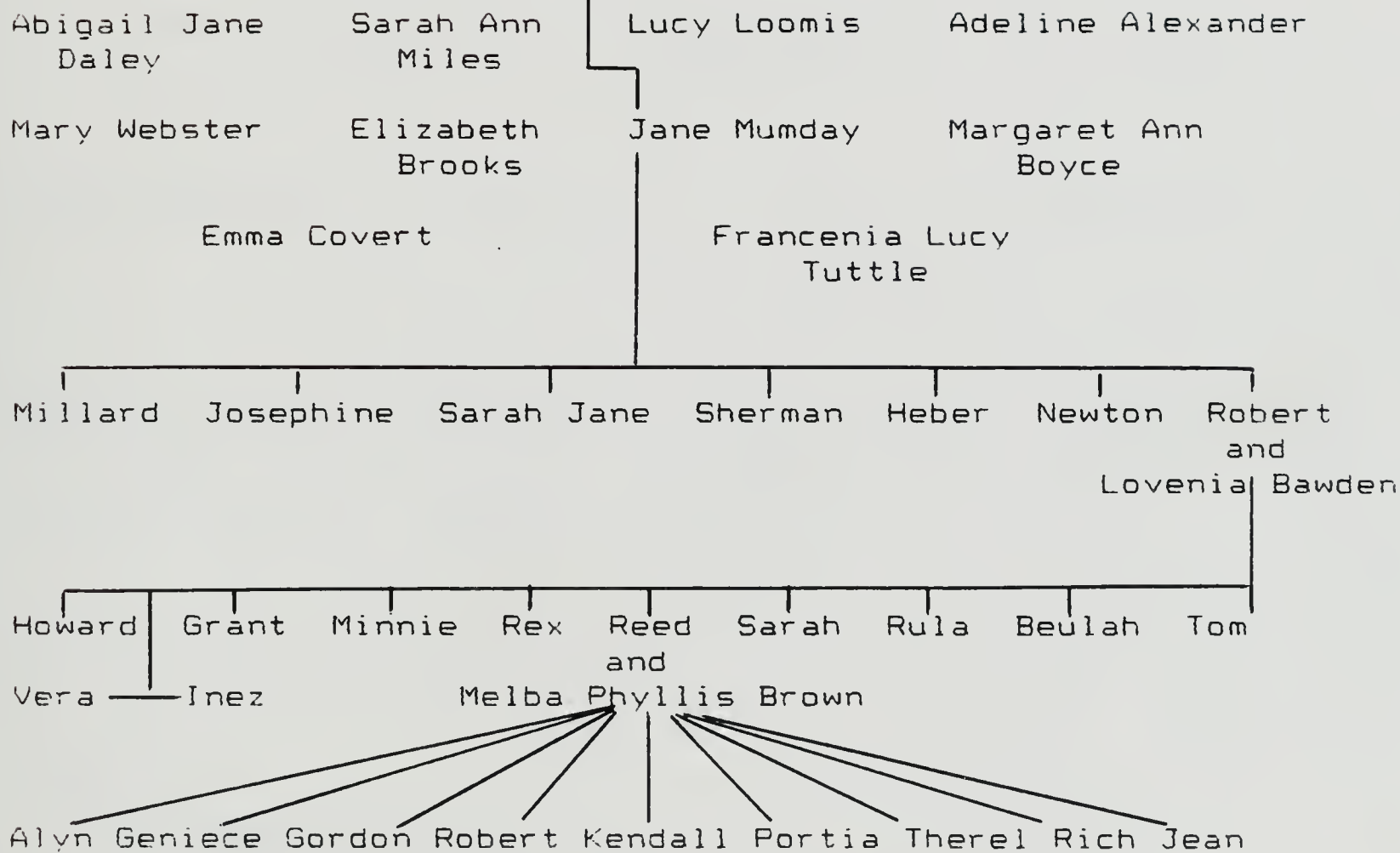


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|---|-------------------------------|----|---------------------|
| 1 | C. W. Brown Ranch | 7 | To St. Anthony |
| 2 | C. W. Brown Village Residence | 8 | To St. Anthony |
| 3 | School Building | 9 | To St. Anthony |
| 4 | Church Building | 10 | To Rexburg |
| 5 | Potato Warehouse | 11 | To Egin |
| 6 | Post Office/Store | 12 | To Egin/Idaho Falls |
| | | 13 | To Kilgore |
| | | 14 | Cemetery |

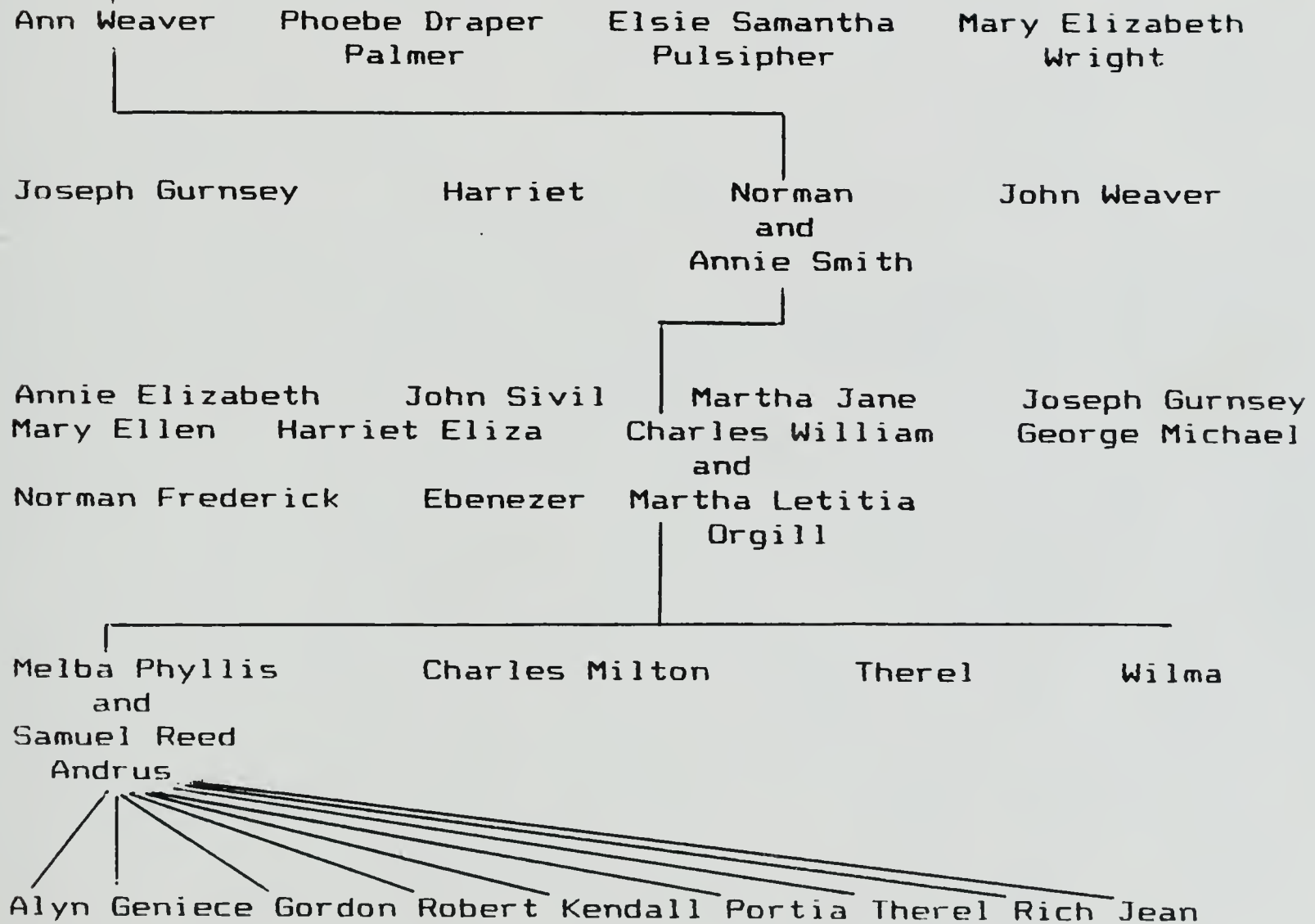
I D A H O



MILO ANDRUS



EBENEZER BROWN



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